

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC



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No. 47.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1875.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS AMY ROSELLE AS 'IDA' IN "THE TWO ROSES."

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.
BABES IN THE WOOD AND THE BIG BED OF WARE.
The Press declares this Pantomime to throw into the shade all that have yet been produced.
"Good music, brilliant ballet, glittering costumes, grotesque dances, and gorgeous scenic accessories."—*Times*.
"A spectacle probably never before realised on any stage."—*Morning Post*.
"There will be few pictures seen at once so brilliant and accurately artistic."—*Telegraph*.
"Artist and manager were called, the applause being overwhelming."—*Daily News*.
"The story is treated in a poetised manner, simply and tenderly."—*Standard*.
"Every perfection we look for in a stage picture."—*Advertiser*.
"Nothing could be more brilliant."—*Era*.
DAY PERFORMANCES—MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. CHATTERTON. — Every Evening at 7, TEN OF 'EM, after which the Christmas Grand Comic Pantomime, ALADDIN; or, THE WONDERFUL LAMP. The celebrated Vokes Family. Harlequinade, Double Troupe of Pantomimists. Morning Performances Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.—Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville, Sole Lessee and Manager.—LEGITIMATE ATTRACTION FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—The great realistic drama of the day, THE TWO ORPHANS, will be repeated every evening, in consequence of its increasing success. THE GARRET SCENE, with its startling incidents, received with deafening applause. Superlative cast: Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler, Messrs. William Rignold, Harcourt, Voltaire, Sugden, Roland, and Atkins; Mesdames Ernestine, Huntley, Harcourt, Hazleton, Taylor, and Charles Viner. At 7, TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER; at 7.30, THE TWO ORPHANS. Box Office hours, 11 to 5. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at 6.30.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.—THIS EVENING, at 7, INTRIGUE. At 7.20, OLD SAILORS. Messrs. Terry, Vernon, Cox, Graham, Stephenson; Mesdames Ada Swanborough, M. Terry, and Raymond. At 9.15, LOO, AND THE PARTY WHO TOOK MISS. Messrs. Terry, Marius, and Cox; Mesdames Claude, Venne, Jones, &c.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—MR. HENRY IRVING. — THIS AND EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving; King, Mr. T. Swinburne; Polonius, Mr. Chippendale; Laertes, Mr. E. Leathes; Horatio, Mr. G. Neville; Ghost, Mr. T. Mead; Osric, Mr. H. B. Conway; Marcellus, Mr. F. Clements; First Actor, Mr. Beveridge; Rosencrantz, Mr. Webber; Guildenstern, Mr. Beaumont; and First Gravedigger, Mr. Compton, &c.; Gertrude, Miss G. Pauncefort; Player Queen, Miss Hampden; and Ophelia, Miss Isabel Bateman. Preceded, at 6.50, with FISH OUT OF WATER. Mr. Compton. Doors open at 6.30. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

HAMLET.—Notice.—STALL CHAIRS are now PLACED in the ORCHESTRA, and specially reserved to accommodate the public by payment at the doors in the evening only. Stalls, 7s.; dress circle, 6s.; boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; private boxes, 31s. 6d. to 63s. Seats may be secured one month in advance. Box-office open 10 till 5.—LYCEUM THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Responsible Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. FRANCIS FAIRLIE.—This, and Every Evening, Miss LYDIA THOMPSON and Company will make their appearance at this Theatre in a Grand Pantomime: Bouffe (by H. B. Farnie, Esq.), entitled BLUE BEARD. Characters in the opening by Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, Willie Edouin, George Beckett, &c.; Mesdames Rachel Sanger (specially engaged), Ella Chapman (her first appearance in England), Topsy Venn, Emily Duncan, Courtney, Russell, D'Aquila, Kathleen Irwin, &c. Characters in the Harlequinade: Columbine Miss Lydia Thompson; Harlequin, Mr. George Beckett; Clown, Mr. Willie Edouin; Pantaloon, Mr. George Barrett; Policeman, Mr. Lionel Brough. New and elaborate Scenery by Messrs. Maltby and Hann. Costumes by Madame Wilson and Sam May, from designs by Alfred Thompson, Esq. Produced under the direction of Mr. Alexander Henderson. Incidental to the Bouffe will be Two Tableaux, arranged by John O'Connor, Esq. (and realised by living figures), the one after the celebrated picture of "The Roll Call," the other "Una" (after Frost's picture from Spenser's "Faerie Queen"). Full band and chorus of 60. "Blue Beard" will be preceded (at seven) by the Comedietta A PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS. Misses Rachel Sanger, Kathleen Irwin, Therese de Valery, G. R. Ireland, and George Barrett. Box plan now open. A Morning Performance of "Blue Beard" to-day, Saturday, at two.

CRITERION THEATRE, Regent Circus, Piccadilly.—Sole Proprietors and responsible Managers, SPIERS & POND. — Every Evening at 8, LES PRES SAINT-GERVAIS, new Comic Opera in English, by Charles Lecocq. The original French Libretto by MM. Victorien Sardou and P. H. Gille. Adapted by Robert Reece. The piece produced under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston. Conductor, Mr. F. Stanislaus. Principal Artists: Mme. Pauline Rita, Camille Dubois, Lilian Adair, Florence Hunter, Emily Thorne, Messrs. A. Brennin, Connell, Hogan, Grantham, Loredan, and Perrini. The Opera commences at 8 and terminates at 11. Box-office open from 10 till 5.—Acting Manager, Mr. EDWARD MURRAY.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.—Manager, Mr. JOHN BAYM.—Immense Success of Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON. Mesdames Kate Santley, Lennox Grey, Grace Armytage, and Julia Mathews; Messrs. H. Paulton, J. Rouse, W. M. Terrott, Swarbeck, W. Worboys, Clifton, Paul, Parry, and C. Heywood; Mdles. Pitteri, Bertoldi, Sidonie, and M. Dewinne. The increased Orchestra, conducted by Mons. G. Jacobi. The magnificent Dresses and Costumes designed by A. Thompson, Esq., and executed by Misses Fisher and S. May. Prices from 6d. to £2 2s. Box office open from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m.

ALHAMBRA.—Enthusiastic Reception of Miss KATE SANTLEY on her Re-appearance as Dick in Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON.

ALHAMBRA.—Gigantic Success of Miss JULIA MATHEWS as Alice in Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON.

ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—Sole and Responsible Manager, W. HOLLAND (the People's Caterer). — Every Evening, at 7.0, THE SECRET. At 7.45, Grand Pantomime, by Frank W. Green, THE FORTY THIEVES, surpassing last year's great triumph. Scenery by Grieve and Son. Mise-en-Scene, Grand Ballets, Processions, &c., invented and arranged by L. Espinosa. Payne Family (W. H. Payne, Fred Payne, and Harry Payne), Misses Nelly Moon, Annette Scasi, Celine Wallace, Rose Mandeville, Lizzie Mordant, Katie Russell; Principal Dancers, the Sisters Elliott; W. B. Fair, H. Nicholls, Fred. Shepherd, Brothers Elliott, Turtle Jones, and Forty Lovely Thieves. Clown, the Inimitable Harry Payne. Prices of Admission:—Gallery, 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 2s.; Dress Circle (centre reserved), 3s.; Stalls, 5s. Private Boxes from One to Three Guineas. Places booked in advance at the Theatre, free of charge, or any City or West-end Library. Another great attraction, the Grand Protean Ballet, arranged by Léon Espinosa, nightly at 9.30.—Treasurer, Charles Holland. Secretary, Thomas B. Warne.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSGATE.
ROBINSON CRUSOE, the best Pantomime ever produced. Every Evening at 7. Morning performances every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, to which children, under ten, half price.

PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. SHEPHERD.—Reproduction of LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT. An enormous success. The GREAT DORSTS, Parisian Wonders, have created a perfect furore.—Monday and during the week, THE WATERMAN. Tom Tug, with songs, Mr. E. Rosenthal. At 8.30, LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT. Mr. H. Nordblom, Messrs. Marler, Murray, Greville, Miss Munroe, Mdle. Manetti. Act 3, the Great Dorsts, as "Les Fantastiques Parisiens."

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Gorgeously Beautiful. At quarter before Seven, THE BLACK STATUE; or, THE ENCHANTED PILLS AND THE MAGIC APPLE TREE; Mr. S. LANE and Mr. G. H. MACDERMOTT. Messrs. Bell, Bigwood, Lewis, Holland; Mdles. Summers, Randall, Rayner, Fanny Lupino. The Great LUPINO TROUPE OF PANTOMIMISTS (10 in number), and a JUVENILE HARLEQUINADE. With THE RED MAN'S RIFLE. Messrs. Reynolds, Charlton, Newbound; Miss M. Bellair.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.—Three minutes from Edgware Road Station.—The best Pantomime, gorgeous Transformation Scene ever witnessed, *vide Press*. LITTLE BOY BLUE COME BLOW YOUR HORN; or, THE FAIRIES WHO FOUND HIM ASLEEP IN THE CORN. Introducing Mr. J. A. Cave, Miss Weatherburn, H. Paulo, and C. Wilford; Miss F. Mortimer, Miss Birllette, and Treble Troupe of Pantomimists. Every Evening at 7. Gallery, 4d.; Pit, 6d.; Boxes, 1s. Over in time for early trains.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, Miss MARIE LITTON.—Every Evening. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30, with PEACOCK'S HOLIDAY. Mr. W. J. Hill. At 8.30, BRIGHTON. Miss Litton, Mesdames Edith Challis, Rose Egan, Phoebe Dort, M. Davis, and Mrs. Chippendale; Mr. Charles Wyndham, Messrs. Edgar Bruce, W. J. Hill, Clifford Cooper, C. Steyne, Russell, Holman, Vincent, &c.—Acting Manager, Mr. Charles Walter.

GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST.—THIS EVENING, at 7, to commence with the Grand Pantomime of SNIP, SNAP, SNORUM; or, HARLEQUIN BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES. Mr. George Conquest (who will introduce his wonderful phantom flight), assisted by George Conquest, jun., Messrs. Campbell, A. Williams, Grant, Osmond, Inch; Misses Delamonte, Cooke, Lizzie Conquest, Victor, Denvil, and Laura and Ada Conquest, and the Corps de Ballet.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyle Street, Oxford Circus.
The Garden Party, a scene of enchantment, pronounced unanimously by the Press to be a most charming entertainment. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. The incidents can be comprehended and admired by persons of all ages. The Proprietor urges the necessity of booking seats in advance to prevent disappointment.

Miniature Impersonations of Marshal M'Mahon, the Emperor of Germany, Count Bismarck, Garibaldi, John Bull, Napoleon I., and the Shah will visit the Garden Party at Hengler's Grand Cirque, EVERY MORNING and EVENING.

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MASKELYNE & COOKE.—NEW DRAWING-ROOM, EGYPTIAN HALL.—W. MORRIS, Manager.—Twice Daily, at Three and Eight. The Times of November 12th, 1874, says:—"Many people, no doubt, believe in the medium, but more, we expect, in Maskelyne and Cooke. The former cheats us, telling us that it is all real and true, whereas, if we cannot believe, we wax angry. The latter cheats us, tricks us out of our senses, fools us to the top of our bent, telling us all the time that he is doing that and nothing else, and at this we are pleased, and, leaving, tell our friends to go and be pleased likewise. That they do go and are pleased we have abundant evidence in the length of time it has seemed good for Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke to stay in the same place, and this, too, we hold to be good proof that it must be as pleasant for these gentlemen to cheat us as it apparently is for us to be cheated. Everybody, sceptic or believer, should go at once to the Egyptian Hall."

CRYSTAL PALACE.—CALENDAR for Week ending SATURDAY, JANUARY 23rd, 1875.
MONDAY, Jan. 18, to THURSDAY, Jan. 21.—Christmas Festivities daily, comprising early entertainment at 12.30, Arabian Athletics, Performing Dogs, Comic Ballets, &c.; and at 3, Grand Pantomime, *Cinderella*, with magnificent scenery and transformation.
FRIDAY, Jan. 22nd.—Pantomime, *Cinderella*.
SATURDAY, Jan. 23rd.—Concert.
MONDAY TO FRIDAY, One Shilling; SATURDAY, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-STREET.—NOW ADDED, PORTRAIT MODELS OF LADY JANE GREY, the Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH, the Czar of Russia, Sir Garnet Wolseley, the three Judges in the Tichborne Trial, Dr. Kenealy, the Claimant, the Shah of Persia, Marshal MacMahon, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens.—Admission, 1s.; children under twelve, 6d.; Extra Rooms, 6d.—Open from ten a.m. till ten p.m.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.—OPEN DAILY (except Sunday). Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d.—Among the most recent additions is a Didunculus from the Samoan Islands, presented by Mr. J. W. Boddam-Whetham.

BARRY SULLIVAN'S FAREWELL of England, Scotland, and Ireland, previous to his return visit to America. THEATRE ROYAL, GREENOCK, JANUARY 20, for FIVE NIGHTS. Aberdeen. | Glasgow. | Newcastle. | Sheffield. &c. &c. to follow.
Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

MR. F. H. BELLEW, the New Baritone, pupil of Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the celebrated bass, will shortly make his FIRST APPEARANCE in OPERA-BOUFFE in London.

OPERA-BOUFFE.—Managers requiring Ladies or Gentlemen for Singing, Business will find an extensive List of Artists at Mr. R. D'OYLY CARTE'S Office. Mr. Carte is Agent for all the principal Theatres in London and the Provinces at which musical pieces are played.—OPERA AND CONCERT AGENCY, 20, Charing Cross.

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RAILWAYS.

BRIGHTON SEASON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM. —EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains for Brighton leave Victoria at 11.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and London Bridge 12.0 noon, calling at Croydon (East).
Fare—1st class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Palace and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

NOTICE.
J. C. CORDING & Co., WATERPROOFERS
(ESTABLISHED 1839),
HAVE REMOVED FROM 231, STRAND, TEMPLE BAR, TO 19, PICCADILLY, CORNER OF AIR STREET.
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THEY HAVE NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER HOUSE, ORIGINAL MAKER OF THE
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From Field, Jan. 30:—"As regards manufacture, that calls for no criticism. J. C. Cording and Co. have been too long before the public to fall in that respect."
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A Great Assortment of Clocks and Timepieces.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1875.

MISS AMY ROSELLE

Was quite a child when she emerged from private life to the stage as a companion and theatrical support to her brother, Percy Roselle, the once celebrated "infant phenomenon," with whom she acted both in London and throughout the United Kingdom, and had scarcely reached the age of seventeen when she undertook the juvenile lead at the Cardiff and Swansea Theatres. From thence she went to fulfil a similar position at the Theatre Royal Plymouth.

On her retirement from this theatre, she was engaged to support Mr. Sothern, with whom she acted in the principal provincial theatres throughout England and Scotland, and returned with him to the Haymarket, where she made her first appearance as 'Lady Teazle,' in *The School for Scandal*. As the conclusion of that engagement, she entered into another arrangement with Mr. Sothern to accompany him on his theatrical tour through the states of America.

On her return to England she was engaged by Mr. Chatterton for the Princess's Theatre, and played 'Portice,' 'Ophelia,' etc., alternatively with Messrs. Phelps and Creswick in their Shakspearean revivals at that Theatre. She was then re-engaged by Mr. Buckstone, until some time afterwards when she was specially retained by Mr. Hollingshead for the juvenile part in *Led Astray*, and upon its withdrawal entered upon her present engagement with Messrs. James and Thorne at the Vaudeville. On Miss Roselle's undoubted merits as an actress, it is scarcely necessary to dwell, seeing that we have so frequently had occasion, in our notices of her metropolitan efforts to speak in her praise.

The Drama.

NOVELTIES are scarcely to be looked for, so early in the holidays, yet several changes at the theatres have to be chronicled since our last. The announcement of Lord Lytton's ever popular play of *The Lady of Lyons*, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as 'Claude Melnotte,' and 'Pauline Deschappelles,' drew an unusually large audience to the Gaiety *matinée* on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have several times sustained these rôles with great success at the Crystal Palace, and their performances on Saturday gave so much satisfaction, and were received with such favour, that they are to be repeated at to-day's *matinée*. Mrs. Kendal's portraiture of the gay, haughty, and proud beauty of Lyons was most excellent and artistic throughout, but she achieved her greatest triumph in the trying ordeal in the Cottage Scene, where she becomes disillusioned, and is made aware of the cruel deception that she has been made the victim of—here she rose to a pinnacle of dramatic and artistic excellence—accomplished as she has long proved herself—that she had not hitherto reached, and drew forth tumultuous bursts of applause. Mr. Kendal as 'Claude Melnotte,' looked the part to the life, and in the poetical phases of the character, his acting was pleasing and intelligent, but not so satisfactory in the more subtle and emotional portions of the rôle. Mr. Maclean was excellent as the bluff 'Colonel Damas,' and the other characters were evenly sustained by Messrs. Belford, Forbes Robertson, Fenton and Gresham, and Mesdames C. H. Stephens and Leigh. Day performances also were given of *Our American Cousin* at the Haymarket; *Blue Beard* at the Globe; *Little Red Riding Hood* at Hengler's Cirque; and of the pantomimes at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Sanger's (Astley's), Royal Standard, &c., all of which were well attended, especially the pantomimes at the two principal theatres. In the evening Miss Ada Cavendish made her re-appearance in London at the Charing Cross Theatre, and resumed her celebrated impersonation of 'Mercy Merrick,' in Mr. Wilkie Collins' drama *The New Magdalen*; and at the Adelphi *The Prayer in the Storm* was replaced by the revival of another famous old Adelphi melodrama, Mr. Buckstone's *Dream at Sea*, which was first produced at the old theatre as far back as the winter of 1835, when the original cast included Miss Daly, Miss Pitt, Mrs. Nesbitt, Messrs. O. Smith, Hemming, Vining, Wilkinson, and the author himself—nearly all of whom have passed away from amongst us. It was in subsequent representations, shortly afterwards, of this melodrama, that Mrs. Stirling made her first appearance before a West-end audience, in the character of 'Biddy Nutts,' previously sustained by Mrs. Nesbitt. Detailed notices of these two performances will be found in another column.

The promised change on the programme of the Holborn Amphitheatre was made on Monday, when *Cinderella*, having been withdrawn the previous Saturday, was replaced by Dibdin's musical farce of *The Waterman*, and another revival of the everlasting *La Fille de Madame Angot*. In *The Waterman* Mr. Cotte spiritedly enacted the part of 'Tom Tug,' and gave full effect to the several well-known songs incidental to the 'Jolly Young Waterman.' The other characters were excellently filled by Mr. Ledwidge (Bundle), Mr. Hall (Robin), Mrs. Ball (Mrs. Bundle), and Miss Rose Temple (Wilhelmina) in lieu of Mrs. Lee absent through illness. The opéra-bouffe is represented with nearly the same cast as recently appeared at the Gaiety, the only changes comprising Miss Jenny Pratt, who now sustains the rôle of 'Mlle. Lange,' Mr. John L. Hall that of 'Larivaudiere,' and Mr. Forester that of the 'Trenitz.'

At the Philharmonic, where *La Fille de Madame Angot* replaced *Giroflé-Girofla* on Wednesday last week, the programme is now identical with that of the Holborn amphitheatre, for since Monday Lecocq's opéra-bouffe has been preceded by Dibdin's musical farce of *The Waterman*, Mr. Rosenthal appearing as 'Tom Tug.'

Mr. Maddison Morton's new comedietta, *Maggie's Situation*, in which Miss Litton was to make her reappearance in the principal character, and announced for production on Saturday last, was postponed till Thursday, but has not yet made its appearance.

At the Gaiety *matinée*, to-day, *The Lady of Lyons*, with the same cast as last Saturday, will be repeated. There will also be morning performances of *Blue Beard*, at the Globe; *Our American Cousin*, at the Haymarket; of the pantomimes at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Sanger's (Astley's), Royal Standard, &c.; and of *Little Red Riding Hood*, at Hengler's Royal Cirque. To-night, Mr. Byron's new comedy, *Our Boys*, will be produced at the Vaudeville. Mr. Thorne and Mr. Charles Warner fill the parts of 'Our Boys,' and Mr. W. Farren and Mr. David James, those of the elders.

MR. LIN RAYNE is engaged by Miss Dolaro for the Royalty.

MR. BUCKSTONE announces that, on Friday week, the 29th inst., the present revival, *Our American Cousin*, which will then have reached its one hundredth representation this season, will terminate; and on the following evening, Saturday, the 30th inst., the late Mr. Robertson's comedy of *Home*, will be revived, and is to be followed by *The Serious Family*.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S dramatised version of his novel, "The New Magdalen," was the great dramatic success of the summer of 1873. Produced at the Olympic in May, it was played for some two hundred nights and withdrawn, while still in the zenith of its popularity—a popularity due, in a great measure, to its skilful construction, the intensely dramatic interest of its incidents and situations, and artistic development of the story; and still more so to the refined and mournful pathos, alternating with intense emotional power, with which Miss Ada Cavendish, then directress of the theatre, invested her embodiment of the erring heroine, 'Mercy Merrick,' the New Magdalen. Another remarkable impersonation, that of the liberal minded and unconventional curate, the 'Rev. Julian Gray,' may be remembered as making a great impression upon all who witnessed it. Since then Miss Ada Cavendish has repeated her impersonation of 'Mercy Merrick' for upwards of two hundred nights at the principal theatres in the provinces, whence she has now returned to the metropolis, and taken up her quarters at the Charing Cross Theatre, where, on Saturday evening, *The New Magdalen* was revived, and attracted a very crowded audience, who accorded a cordial welcome to the accomplished actress, and rewarded her artistic efforts with continuous and enthusiastic applause. The story of *The New Magdalen* is highly dramatic and full of striking incidents. In a prologue we are introduced to Mercy Merrick as a nurse wearing the Geneva Cross and tending the wounded soldiers in a cottage on the French frontier during the late Franco-Prussian War; here she gives refuge to Grace Roseberry, whose father, a Canadian general, had recently died while they were travelling in Italy, and who is on her way to England, to her father's relations, whom she has never seen. Grace imparts her story to Mercy, how she has been left an orphan and is proceeding with a letter of introduction from her deceased father to his wealthy relative in England, Lady Janet Roy; and requests a similar interchange of confidence from Mercy, who, however, fearing the revelation would alienate the regard of her new found friend, shrinks from the task for some time, but eventually relates her past life of shame and degradation, with no hope of ever recovering her social position from the uncharitableness of the world. She has scarcely concluded when the Prussians approach, a fusillade is heard without, and a stray shot strikes Grace Roseberry down. The French surgeon examines the wound, and pronounces her dead. A sudden thought seizes Mercy, that here an opportunity offers itself to rehabilitate herself by personating Grace Roseberry, and she solaces her conscience by the sophistry that in doing so, she can do no wrong to the dead. She possesses herself of Grace's pocket-book, containing the letter of introduction, and a journal, and favoured with a pass, leaves the cottage to carry out her project. In the meantime, a Prussian surgeon enters the hut, and examining the apparently lifeless body of the young girl, proceeds to try his surgical skill in operating on the wounded forehead, and the prologue ends with the restoration to life of Grace Roseberry. The three acts which follow, take place in England, at the house of Lady Janet Roy, where Mercy is duly installed as Grace Roseberry—she has completely won the affection of Lady Janet by her sweetness of manner, and has become affianced to her ladyship's nephew Horace Holmcroft.—Grace Roseberry now appears to claim her rights, but is looked upon as an imposter or madwoman, by both Lady Janet and Horace; and Mercy entering at the moment, falls senseless on confronting, as she thinks, the dead risen from the grave. In the second act, through the earnest and high-souled suggestions of the Rev. Julian Gray, Mercy is brought to acknowledge to him the deceit she has practised and resolves to make reparation by confessing her crime before all. She commences doing so, in all the abject humility of penitence, to Grace Roseberry herself, who however with her hard and unrelenting nature, reviles and hurls at her the bitterest taunts, until the pride of the sorrowing penitent is once more aroused, and Mercy, in a burst of passionate rage, retorts with defiance; and proclaims her to be the adventuress and madwoman she is supposed to be. However, Mercy soon relents, and as the detective is called forward to take the poor victim to an asylum, she protects her, and defies them to touch her. In the last act, Mercy's repentance is complete, and she makes full atonement, declaring herself to be the deceitful adventuress, and Grace the innocent victim, and arranges to return to the refuge, which she had left to adopt the Geneva Cross. Lady Jane still affectionately clings to her; she is, as might be expected, repudiated by Horace Holmcroft, but becomes plighted to Julian Gray, who deems the moral victory she had just achieved renders her worthy of becoming his wife. Charming tender, refined, and in the great situations in the second act, intensely forcible as was Miss Cavendish's embodiment of 'Mercy Merrick' during the run of the *The New Magdalen* at the Olympic, it has now become, from frequent repetition, more highly finished, and artistic throughout. The mournful calmness and resignation, in the prologue, and quiet tone of pathos pervading the last act being more delicately and subtly depicted and finely contrasted with the unstable levity of the first act, and varying and conflicting emotions of self-humiliation, awakened pride and exasperation, and impulsive defiance in the several powerful situations in the second act—all of which called forth loud and well deserved applause—her entire delineation being as nearly perfect as possible. She is admirably supported in the other characters. Miss Kate Rivers renders the rather repulsive part of the injured 'Grace Roseberry' with great intelligence and discrimination; the naturally genial manner of Miss Le Thière, suits exactly the warm-hearted and outspoken matron, 'Lady Janet Roy.' Mr. Leonard Boyle personates the young lover with easy grace and careful earnestness; and Mr. Markby—though painstaking and creditable as the least clerical and unconventional of curates, 'Julian Gray,'—does not efface the impression produced by the original representative of the character at the Olympic, Mr. Archer. Judging from the absorbed interest with which the story was followed throughout by the crowded audience in every part of the house, and the continuous applause evoked by Miss Cavendish's impressive and highly finished acting, *The New Magdalen* seems destined for a renewal of its original prolonged run at the Olympic. The drama is preceded by an old farce, by the late Charles Selby, entitled *Drawing the Line*, in which Miss Edith Lynd, a rising young actress of this theatre, sustains the principal character with graceful piquancy and vivacity.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is in preparation at the Adelphi, to be revived in succession to *The Dream at Sea*.

WE regret to hear that both the Holborn and Elephant and Castle Theatres have been compelled to close through want of patronage. Mr. Owen's enterprise at the Alexandra has also collapsed, but Mr. Thorpe Peed has generously placed the theatre at the service of the company for a fortnight.

THE last nights of *The Two Orphans*, which reached its one hundred and seventh representation at the Olympic, last evening, are at length announced, not through any diminution in its attractiveness, but in consequence of previous arrangements for the production of a new comedy by Mr. James Albery.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE DREAM AT SEA.

To the majority of the present generation, Mr. Buckstone's once famous melodrama *The Dream at Sea*, first produced at the Old Adelphi as far back as November 1835, and revived here by Mr. Chatterton on Saturday last, in succession to *The Prayer in the Storm*, will appear, at once a novelty, as probably a quarter of a century has elapsed since it was last represented, and a curiosity, as exhibiting an average specimen of the style of drama which secured triumphant success and lengthened runs at the Adelphi, forty years ago; while to the minds of old playgoers it will bring pleasant memories of former Adelphian celebrities, commingled, however, with the sad reflection that nearly all have passed away; of the original cast, which included Miss Daly as the heroine 'Anne Trevanion,' Mrs. Nesbitt (afterwards Lady Boothby), as 'Biddy Nutts,' the sprightly waiting-maid (a character subsequently sustained by Mrs. Stirling, and in which that accomplished actress made her first curtsy to a West End audience), Mr. O. Smith as the wrecker, 'Black Ralph'; Mr. Wilkinson as the dismal and greedy overseer and tax-collector, 'Alley Croaker'; Mr. Vining as the romantic young fisherman, 'Lance Linwood'; and Mr. Buckstone himself as 'Tommy Tinkle,' the village muffin-man, none now remain amongst us but the last two. *The Dream at Sea* is a good old-fashioned melodrama of the strongly sensational order, abounding in tragic and highly effective situations throughout the three acts, the story of intense interest, is clearly developed, and the characters are most ably sustained by the present Adelphi company, indeed with a general efficiency satisfactory even to those few who retain a recollection of the original cast. That the piece has lost none of its pristine vitality and attractiveness was clearly proved by the absorbed attention and frequent applause bestowed upon the revival by the crowded audience that filled the theatre to the roof. The main thread of the story hangs upon the loves of Lance Linwood, a poor fisherman (Mr. James Fernandez) and Anne Trevanion (Miss Edith Stuart), the daughter of a wealthy mine owner of Cornwall—who, however, wills that his daughter shall marry her cousin, Richard Penderell (Mr. Lilley). In despair Linwood goes to sea, and just before the wedding the arch villain of the piece, Black Ralph, a smuggler and wrecker (Mr. MacIntyre), determines to steal the wedding presents, and in escaping with his booty, is seen by the heroine, Anne, whom he strikes down and leaves for dead. He drops a cloak and papers known to have belonged to Lance, who is consequently suspected of the murder. While at sea, Lance dreams that his love is dead, and returns to find his visions verified. He breaks into her tomb to take a last look at her. Moved by overwhelming despair, he carries off the body to his hut, that he may, like a modern Romeo, die by her side. As he is bending over her, the heroine, who has only been in a trance, revives, but only to be again carried off by Black Ralph to his cave on the coast; while Lance is arrested, charged with the murder of Anne Trevanion, and sent to prison. Escaping therefrom, Lance accidentally learns that Ralph has secreted Anne Trevanion in the haunted cave, which is inaccessible except by the sea, and most perilous for a boat to approach: so he throws himself into the surf and swims to the cave, where he discovers his beloved. He has been closely followed by Trevanion and his nephew, to whom the truth now becomes revealed by beholding their relative alive and in the arms of her supposed slayer. Explanations ensue, Penderell resigns his pretensions to the heroine with a good grace, the father consents to his daughter's marrying the lover of her own choice, and the miserable wrecker, Ralph, dies from the result of an accident, making all the reparation in his power by a full confession of his villainy and crimes with his dying breath. The gloomy interest of the main story is pleasantly and abundantly relieved in almost every scene by the interfusion of the amusing adventures of some comic characters—'Tommy Tinkle,' the village muffin-man (originally sustained by Mr. Buckstone, and now represented with much humour by Mr. Fawn); Tommy's sweetheart, 'Biddy Nutts,' personated with great spirit and vivacity by Miss Hudspeth; and a grotesquely dismal tax collector and overseer, 'Alley Croaker,' carefully, but just a little broadly, embodied by Mr. A. Glover. As regards the serious characters, Miss Edith Stuart's rendering of the character of the heroine, 'Anne Trevanion,' is conspicuous for refinement, quiet force, and intelligence. Miss E. Phillips, in the small part of the 'wrecker's wife,' fulfils the task with care. Mr. Fernandez, as 'Lance Linwood,' the romantic and dreaming fisherman, has one of those parts which exactly suit his effective and picturesque style. Mr. Howard Russell and Mr. Lilley adequately represent 'Mr. Trevanion' and his nephew, 'Richard Penderell'; and Mr. MacIntyre, in manner, make-up, and sustained wickedness, as the wrecker, 'Black Ralph,' is a melodramatic villain of the genuine type.

MR. SHEPHERD, we hear, is leaving the Philharmonic.

MR. BYRON'S new comedy in three acts, entitled *Our Boys*, will be produced at the Vaudeville, this evening.

A *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Mr. Phelps as 'Bottom,' will be the next Shakspearean revival at the Gaiety.

THE next character Mr. Irving will appear in at the Lyceum, will be 'Sir Giles,' in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*.

SEVERAL more changes have taken place at the Opera Comique. Miss Laverne has seceded, and 'Ixion' has been undertaken by Miss Emily Pitt. Miss Amy Sheridan, who is absent in Paris, resigned the part of 'Venus' to Miss Eva Stanley. The season closed, we believe, last night. When the theatre re-opens is very problematical.

THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—As the date originally fixed for the first concert of the Royal Albert Hall Amateur Orchestral Society is the anniversary of the wedding day of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the concert is postponed until the 30th instant.

THE RESTAURANT PHILIPPE.—The eclipse of another gastronomic star of Paris has just taken place, as the Restaurant Philippe has disappeared after an existence of 70 years. Chavette relates in his "Restaurateurs et Restaurés" that Philippe bought for 4,000 fr., in 1804, the stock and goodwill of a wineshop, which was destined to be the cradle of the future opulent establishment. "Do you wish to have customers? Seem to have them." Such was the device of Philippe; and every morning a lad carrying a pitcher on his head was seen leaving the house. "That is wine which he is taking out to customers," said the neighbours. But not at all; it was only water which he was going to empty out far from the regards of vulgar curiosity. In 1820, Philippe began to give breakfasts, and 10 years later he gained 200,000 fr. a year. Then it was that the "sole à la Normande" of Philippe became celebrated in Paris. Dire was the contest between Philippe and the Rocher de Cancale. The latter succumbed, but it had the glory, before perishing, of giving a breakfast to the Duke of Orleans and to 70 officers, whom that prince feasted after the capture of Antwerp. To Philippe the father succeeded Philippe the son, and to the latter the famous Pascal, who held the sceptre in the kitchens of the Jockey Club, and who paid 320,000 fr. for the Restaurant of the Rue Montorgueil. That great genius became blind, but still conducted the establishment with great intelligence. Since his death the firm has fallen off.—Galignani.



THE NEW OPERA HOUSE IN PARIS.—L'ESCALIER D'HONNEUR.



BERTRAND

A. H. J. G. 32

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE IN PARIS.—LA LOGGIA.

Music.

MUSIC intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

"LA Musique est morte;—vive la musique!" For three weeks the temple of Euterpe has been closed, and the Genius of Pantomime has been paramount. Fifty Columbines have lacerated the susceptible hearts of five thousand adorners in round jackets; fifty Clowns have inserted fifty red-hot poker in the pockets of fifty Pantaloon; fifty policemen have fallen ignominiously prone on fifty buttered slides; and fifty thousand youngsters have clapped their hundred thousand hands with delight. The brief interregnum over, Music resumes her sway; the musical season of 1875 has commenced; and for eight months to come there will be music enough to satisfy the appetite of the most ravenous amateur. Yesterday week the Sacred Harmonic Society recommenced its operations; on Saturday last, the London Ballad Concert season was inaugurated; on Monday last, the Monday Popular Concerts were resumed; yesterday afternoon, the Musical Artists' Society held its third "Trial Meeting"; and to-day, the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts will recommence. Music is flourishing;—"vive la Musique!"

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY gave a performance of Haydn's *Creation* last week at Exeter Hall, which was filled by an appreciative audience, who had every reason to be pleased. The principal singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, the band and chorus numbered nearly 1,000, Mr. Willing was organist, and Sir Michael Costa conductor. The *Creation* is familiar to all the executants who took part in the performance, and a better presentation of the work has seldom been heard. The few blemishes which may be pointed out are but as specks on the sun, and we have no wish to appear hypercritical in alluding to them; but as it is the function of criticism to guard the wholesome traditions of art, we will venture to mention some of those features in the performance which showed room for improvement. In the first place we may remark that the orchestral introduction, descriptive of Chaos, was too loudly played, and lacked poetical refinement. The band of the society contains a number of our best orchestral players; but it also includes several amateurs; and in the course of a long experience we have invariably found that amateur musicians, whether vocal or instrumental, can hardly ever be induced to pay proper attention to light and shade. They make as much noise as they can in *forte* passages; but they will not display an equal readiness to suppress themselves in *piano* or *sotto voce* passages. This mostly arises from a laudable, though mistaken desire to display zeal and attention to duty; but every capable judge will say that musical amateurs, fully as much as diplomatists, should be guided by Talleyrand's famous direction to the latter,—"Point de zèle!" The vague mysterious notes in which Haydn has given a musical representation of Chaos, should sound like the mutterings of a dream, in order to enforce the beauty of the contrast with the exultant and symmetrical beauty of the music which follows. On this occasion they were given too loudly, and the possible effect was lost. Occasionally, in subsequent portions of the oratorio, the instrumental accompaniments were too predominant, and the organ was sometimes unpleasantly loud. The choruses, however, were splendidly sung; the only defects being the slowness of the tempo at the beginning of "The Heavens are telling the Glory of God," and the almost confusing rapidity of pace in "Achieved is the Glorious Work."

The principal singers did their work well. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington is seldom heard to better advantage than in this music of Haydn. The fine quality of her voice, and the excellence of her vocalisation, were well displayed throughout the oratorio; and, with the single exception of an ugly group of notes interpolated in the concluding phrase of "With verdure clad," her delivery of the music was in the best style of art. Mr. Vernon Rigby was in good voice, and gained great applause. He would do well, however, to guard against the growth of some mannerisms of style which are not in conformity with the requirements of good vocalisation. Amongst these may be noted a tendency to neglect the *legato*, and to sing—as if distinct and separate—notes which should glide one into the other. He should also refrain from taking liberties with the text. In the lines, "A woman fair, and graceful spouse," and "Her softly smiling virgin looks," he chose to alter the accent twice—probably for the sake of producing more tone—and the form of the music was thereby changed for the worse. Mr. Rigby is so good an artist, and so deservedly popular, that his example is not without importance; otherwise these slight defects might pass unnoticed. Mr. Lewis Thomas sang the bass music in his usual excellent style, but it is to be hoped that he will in future pronounce the words "fertile" and "sinuous" correctly. On this occasion he pronounced the vowel "i" in these words long, as in the word "mile," instead of short, as in the word "sit." Haydn has given a long holding note on the first syllable of the word "sinuous" (in the passage "creeps in sinuous trace the worm"), and it is no doubt convenient to a singer to employ the long sound of the vowel in this place; but nothing can for a moment excuse a downright mispronunciation, unless the principle be conceded that sense is of less importance than sound; a plea against which we shall always protest. With the few exceptions to which we have referred, this performance of the *Creation* was one of the best among the many to which we have listened.

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—After a brief recess, these delightful entertainments were recommenced on Monday last; and their undiminished attractiveness was attested by the brilliant and crowded audience which filled St. James's Hall. On this occasion Mdle. Marie Krebs made her *réentrée*, and was enthusiastically greeted. She chose for her solo J. Sebastian Bach's "Prelude and Fugue à la Tarantella, in A minor," justly described in the excellent annotated programme of the concert as "one of the most individual, remarkable, and difficult pieces ever composed for a keyed instrument." It is, indeed, so crowded with difficulties, that Bach's biographer, Forkel, may well be excused for having formed the idea that it was written expressly to "augment the suppleness of the composer's fingers." Considered merely as an *étude* for the use of pianists anxious to attain exceptional executive skill, it would be invaluable; but it has far higher claims to consideration. Throughout the intricate and ingenious developments of the fugue, the leading theme is never lost, but recurs again and again under every possible form of treatment; and admiration is divided between the fertility of masterly contrivance, and the varied beauty of elaboration which are ever present. The fugue at the end of Beethoven's posthumous sonata, No. 106, may be more intricate, but is certainly less pleasing, because less clear in its progress, and because Bach's "first subject" is simpler and more symmetrical. An interesting characteristic of the work under notice is pointed out by the accomplished writer of the programme, who probably knows more of Bach than any other man now living, and has certainly done

more than any other man to teach us how rich a treasury of musical beauty is to be found in the compositions of the old Leipzig "Cantor," whose very name was a terror to musical amateurs of the last generation. He shows that "both in Prelude and Fugue, the legitimate form of the symphonic movement—supposed to have been originated by Haydn—is presented with a completeness and symmetry perfectly astonishing; the period at which it is written taken into consideration." Just ten years have elapsed since this remarkable work was first introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts by one of the greatest and most conscientious pianists of modern times—Madame Arabella Goddard—still, unhappily, a voluntary exile from the land whose artistic glory she has enhanced, and to which thousands of admirers long to welcome her back! We well remember the brilliant success which, on that occasion, was made by our great pianiste; and it is no slight compliment to Mdle. Marie Krebs to say that her performance of Bach's "Prelude and Fugue à la Tarantella" on Monday last, was worthy to stand side by side with that of Arabella Goddard. Mdle. Krebs is not only a thoroughly conscientious player, giving the composer's notes faithfully according to his own indications, without any impertinent and capricious "new readings" of her own; she is also so consummate an executant that difficulties hardly appear to exist for her, and her audience are able to give themselves up to the enjoyment of the music she plays, without any disturbing fears as to the possibility of her breaking down. Her touch is sympathetic, and she produces every gradation of tone from the softest *pianissimo* to the most resonant *fortissimo*. She never abuses the use of the pedal, plays as well with her left hand as with her right, has a clear and even shake, brings out her themes by good phrasing, and is conspicuous for clearness of articulation. It must be added that her merits are enhanced by the modesty of her demeanour, and by her evident realisation of the fact that it is the duty of a true artist to forego all temptations to self assertion, and to make the faithful interpretation of a composer's ideas the paramount object. In this important respect her playing forms an agreeable contrast to that of another German pianist who is worshipped as a prophet by a small but fanatical body of artists, who profess that they have had "a call" to constitute themselves the exponents of a theory of "higher development of pianoforte playing." Prophets are allowed to be enigmatical in their utterances, and the prophet in question was enigmatical enough, in all conscience. When he sat down to play a standard work, it became evident that the composer stood second, and himself first, in his own estimation. His chief object was to show in how many ways he could magnify himself, by the introduction of new and capricious readings, and by *tours de force*, to which attention was drawn by eagle glances at the audience. He was not really a better executant than Mdle. Krebs; but when he had a difficult passage to encounter, he took care to make the fact evident; and his impression that he was altogether a very wonderful person was so obvious, that many of his audience found it difficult to avoid taking his view of the matter. That great and undoubted abilities should be associated with charlatanism must always be a subject of regret. "Eagle glances" and upturned eyes will not excuse omissions of the text, any more than interpolations and improvisations, rendered necessary by the inevitable occasional failures of a generally remarkable memory. After performances like these the purely legitimate playing of Marie Krebs is a refreshing boon; and the triple recall which was enthusiastically awarded to her on Monday last was not only a recognition of her artistic merit, but was also a protest in favour of pure art itself.

The other instrumental pieces were Mendelssohn's quintet in A major, Op. 18, performed tolerably well by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, Burnett and Piatti;—Beethoven's Trio in B flat, Op. 97 (Mdle. Krebs; MM. Straus and Piatti);—and Schubert's Fantasia in C major, Op. 159 (Mdle. Krebs and Herr Straus); the vocal music being two songs by Sullivan and Gounod, well sung by Miss Edith Wynne.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—For some years past the "London Ballad Concerts" have been amongst the most popular of the musical entertainments given at St. James's Hall in the winter and spring; and Mr. John Boosey has reason to congratulate himself on the success of the undertaking. The idea, however, was not originated by that gentleman, as for some years previously "English Ballad Concerts" were given by the popular basso, Mr. Ransford, who, we are happy to say, still flourishes (like Nestor), in a

"Green old age, unconscious of decay."

Mr. Boosey, however, was the first to organize a regular season of Ballad Concerts, and the permanence of his success was proved by the crowds who flocked to the first of this year's series, given on Saturday last at St. James's Hall. The artists engaged were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Sterling, Mrs. Osborne Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Santley, as solo vocalists; aided by the London Vocal Union, a body of eight excellent glee and madrigal singers, under the direction of Mr. Frederick Walker, vicar choral of St. Paul's Cathedral; with Mdle. Delphine le Brun as solo pianist. The programme, as usual, contained a number of popular songs—some of them two and three hundred years old—with an infusion of strictly modern songs, which had never previously been heard in public. Among the latter were "Living Poems," a graceful setting, by A. Sullivan, of Longfellow's poem "Come to me, O ye children!" "Forget Me Not" (A. S. Gatty), and "Somebody's waiting for Somebody" (Miss Philp). Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley were enthusiastically applauded, and the other artists were well received; indeed the audience seemed disposed to encore the entire programme, which contained no less than twenty-six pieces. Mr. Meyer Lutz played the accompaniments in masterly style, and the concert was in all respects successful.

THE MUSICAL ARTISTS' SOCIETY.—This excellent society has been established for the purpose of "trying over" MS. works by contemporary composers. It is often difficult, if not impossible, for young composers to obtain a hearing of any kind for their compositions; and it is very disheartening to keep on writing works which may never be performed. By the aid of this society, composers with sufficient credentials may secure the performance of orchestral, choral, and other works; and may thus acquire, not only a personal gratification, but also the means of correcting and improving their methods of working. The possible advantages to art, as well as to artists, must be obvious; and amateurs as well as members of the profession might profitably support this society, of which Mr. Arthur O'Leary, 84, New Bond Street, is honorary secretary. The third trial of new compositions was held in the large room of the Royal Academy of music yesterday afternoon—too late to enable us to give particulars this week.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—These delightful concerts, whose value as a means of musical culture it would be difficult to overrate, have been suspended during the Christmas recess, but will be resumed this afternoon. Besides important instrumental works by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, a novelty will, as usual, be presented—Rubinstein's overture to *Domitri Donskoi* (first performance in England). The vocalists will be Mdle. Sophie Lowe and Mr. Lloyd; the pianist, Mr. Oscar Beringer; conductor, Mr. Manns.

At the 500th Monday Popular Concert on Monday next the programme will mainly consist of the pieces performed at the first concert of the series, given February 14, 1859.

THE Edinburgh Choral Union gave a performance of Haydn's *Seasons* on Tuesday last, with Miss Rose Hersee, Mr. Pearson, and Mr. Winn, as solo vocalists, a band of 50 professional instrumentalists, and a chorus of over 300 voices.

At the Holborn Amphitheatre, *Cinderella* has retired in favour of *La Fille de Madame Angot*. The latter work, which is completely within the means of the company, goes much better than the more ambitious *Cinderella*; and the band, under the able direction of Mr. Meyer Lutz, is in itself a valuable attraction.

At the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, which has superseded *Giroflé-Girofla*, is being successfully played.

M. HERVE has nearly completed a new opéra-bouffe, which is likely to be produced in London immediately after its production in Paris.

WAGNER's *Lohengrin*, we are glad to announce, is to be produced this season at the Royal Italian Opera.

THE National Musical Competition Meetings will be resumed at the end of June next, at the Crystal Palace. The music to be sung is published by Messrs. Novello and Co. and Messrs. Metzler and Co.;—the rules, forms, etc., can be had on application to Captain Flood Page, Secretary of the Crystal Palace.

At the opening of the Alexandra Palace, on 1st May next, an ode will be sung, with music by Sir Michael Costa. Mr. Alfred Tennyson has been asked to write the words.

THE Albert Hall Concerts will in future be limited to two in each week; one secular, and one sacred. At the secular concert on Thursday next, Herr Wilhelmj, one of the finest among contemporary violinists, will make his *réentrée*. Mr. Sims Reeves is announced.

M. DUVIVIER is in Paris, making arrangements for his final departure to settle in London as a teacher of singing.

MISS BLANCHE COLE, we regret to learn (according to a medical certificate) "had a severe attack of bronchitis, and is not sufficiently recovered to fulfil any of her engagements. She requires much care and rest for some time to come."

MR. VERNON RIGBY was prevented from singing at Glasgow on Monday last "by cold and hoarseness." His place was taken by Mr. Pearson.

At the concert of the Glasgow Choral Union, on Monday last, a novelty was produced, in the shape of two movements from Handel's trio in G minor,—played by Mr. Carrodus (violin), Mr. Edward Howell (violin), and Mr. Arthur Howell (double bass), the performance of the last named gentleman being, according to the *Scotsman*, "very effective; while it is unnecessary to say that Messrs. Carrodus and E. Howell did full justice to their share." The *Glasgow Herald*, and *News* speak of the trio as "a pleasant surprise," and the *North British Daily Mail* says, "the oddness of the double-bass part, no less than the quaintness of the two movements, so captivated the whole audience that a repetition was demanded. The most prominent instrument is the bass,—the violin part being less elaborate, and the violoncello having but little to do." We hope to hear this interesting novelty when the distinguished artists above named return to London for the season.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON is slowly recovering from the severe cold which she caught on her journey from Moscow to Paris. She was announced to make her *réentrée* last night, with Faure, in *Hamlet*, but has been obliged to quit Paris under medical advice. We are able to give a translation of the certificate given by the two physicians who were consulted.

"The undersigned physicians concur in what follows:

"The bronchial irritation and hoarseness which have caused the absence of Madame Nilsson from the Opéra up to the present time, have, by their persistency, necessitated the employment of the most active remedies.

"Of those injurious effects in the voice, which have rendered it utterly impossible for the patient to sing, there still remains a slight hoarseness, and some difficulty in emitting vocal sounds; a difficulty which will prevent her from resuming her duties at the Opéra for a fortnight to come. Paris, 12 January, 1875.

(Signed) "MAGNIN, Médecin de l'Opéra.
"JULES GUERIN."

Madame Nilsson was to start for the Mediterranean yesterday morning. Her illness, which has for twelve days confined her to her room, has been a source of great anxiety to her intimate friends; who have felt indignant at the petty spite which has imputed to the great *prima donna* the simulation of illness in order to avoid the risk (!) of comparison with—Heaven save the mark!—Mdle. Krauss!!! All true lovers of art will be anxious to hear of Madame Nilsson's complete restoration to health.

THE NEW PARIS OPERA HOUSE.

THE gorgeous and remarkably ornate edifice which was inaugurated in Paris last Tuesday week is the thirteenth Opera House with which the French capital has been provided, since the days when Lulli and the Abbé Perrin introduced operatic music into France. The First of the Parisian *Salle d'Opéra* stood in the Rue Mazarine, being inaugurated on March 19th, 1671, when a "*comédie française en musique*" entitled *Pomone, a pastoral*—libretto by the Abbé Perrin, and music by Cambert—was received by the fashionable and numerous audience who witnessed its performance with especial marks of approval. From the Rue Mazarine the French opera company emigrated to the rue de Vaugirard, eventually crossing the Seine in 1673, and giving their performances in what had been Molière's theatre at the Palais Royal. Here they remained for ninety years; but on April 6, 1763, the building caught fire—owing to the imprudence of an *employé*—and was speedily burnt to the ground. A short time after this event the company was presented with the theatre of the Tuileries, which had been built in 1661 by Louis XIV, but had been very seldom used. Here it remained for six years, being reinstalled at the end of this period at the Palais Royal, in an edifice which had been erected by Moreau on the site of the previous house. This theatre, where many of the works of Glück and Piccini were originally performed, was large and commodious, and appears to have been decorated with great taste. Unfortunately, however, on Friday, June 8, 1781, it accidentally caught fire and was utterly destroyed in the course of a couple of hours. During the ten weeks which followed, the company had to content themselves with the remarkably small and altogether inadequate *Salle* of the *Menus Plaisirs*, which has since become the concert hall of the *conservatoire*. Meanwhile the architect Lenoire was busy erecting a new Opera House on the Boulevard St. Martin, completing it in eighty-six days, and guaranteeing it to last thirty years; thrice that period had elapsed, however, and it still stood hale and hearty, when in 1794 it was destroyed by fire like so many of its predecessors. The opera then emigrated to the Théâtre National, erected by Citoyenne M. Laisier in the rue de Richelieu, in those days called the *rue de la Loi*. Here the opera company remained until after the assassination of the Duc de Berri by Louvel in 1820; removing after that event to the *Salle Favart*, now occupied by the opéra-comique. On August 16, 1821, the well-known house in the rue Lepelletier was inaugu-

rated. As will be recollected it was destroyed by fire on the night of October 28, 1873.

The elevation of the present Opera House was commenced in 1861, the plan of M. Charles Garnier having been selected by the jury appointed to examine the designs presented by the architects who took part in the competitive *concours* which had been instituted. Over a year was occupied in draining the site upon which the monument was to be erected, and nearly six months were taken up in driving the preliminary piles into the ground. Eventually, on the 21st July, 1862, Count Walewski—then Minister of State—laid the first stone, and at the close of the year the whole of the foundations were laid. In 1863 the first story of the edifice was erected, and in 1864 the walls of the pavilions were raised, and some of the columns of the facade secured in their places. In 1865 and 1866 the pavilions and directorial buildings were crowned with their entablature, and the machinery rooms above the stage begun. In 1867 but very small supplies were voted, and consequently no great progress was made, the building only being roofed-in in 1869. The events of 1870 naturally brought the works to a standstill. During the siege of Paris the edifice was utilized, in its incomplete state, as a military storehouse and magazine. It did not suffer very much during the Commune, still £12,000 had to be spent in repairing the damage which it sustained during this agitated period. The destruction of the old house, in 1873, led to the completory works being prosecuted with great vigour. Garnier had originally promised the edifice for 1876, and in completing it for January 1875 he realised a veritable *tour de force*.

The architectural character of the monument with which he has presented the city of Paris, and which will have cost over £2,000,000 sterling, is undoubtedly open to criticism, and it has been both vehemently attacked and inordinately praised. Certain of M. Charles Garnier's conceptions are not without originality, but his architecture is never of any very high order; seeking its effects in an overloading of ornament, which at once dazzles and bewilders. Correctness and purity of style, are rarely, if ever, to be met with, either in the exterior or internal decorations of the building,—which has been, with considerable point, likened to an architectural embodiment of the Second Empire, that *régime* which delighted in ostentatious pomposity and glitter. Still, with all its faults, the new Paris Opera House is undoubtedly the most remarkable theatre in the world, especially as regards its dimensions. It is more than twice the size of the Grand Théâtre de St. Petersburg, which, previous to its completion, held the first rank; and the Opera Houses of Munich, Berlin, Vienna, Carlo Felice, and La Scala, dwindle into insignificance beside it. It contains in all 2,156 seats; and it may be mentioned that there are no less than 7,593 doors, the keys of which were solemnly delivered over to the director, M. Halanzier, upon his taking possession of the building. The latter still continues to be vehemently attacked by the Paris newspapers; but he clings tenaciously to his post, and the authorities do not manifest any special inclination to dispossess him of his functions.

We engrave this week drawings of the Grand Staircase, the most monumental part of the edifice, and of the Loggia, whence one looks out upon the Place de l'Opera and the Boulevard des Capucines. On entering by the *pavillon des Abonnés* one finds oneself at the foot of the staircase, the vaulted roof of the vestibule being adorned with singularly heavy arabesques and mouldings. The steps of the staircase are in white Serravezza marble; there being on each side a singularly handsome balustrade, the upper part of which is in onyx, while the pillars are of red marble, with bases of green Jonkoping marble. The coupled columns have remarkably rich capitals, the tympana are decorated with elaborately sculptured medallions, and the ceilings are adorned with paintings of Pils and Baudry. On reaching the upper vestibule, where is the monumental entry, leading to the *baignoires*, the amphitheatre and the orchestra—which entry, by the way, is decorated with bronze caryatides, the robes of which are in yellow and green Swedish marble, one is immediately struck by the excessive richness of its ornamentation. The balustrades are here decorated with countless caudelabra, which light up the edifice most effectively and brilliantly. The coupled columns which run right round, are in Sarrancolin marble from the Pyrenees, their capitals and bases being in white St. Bât marble. The tympana of the arcades between the columns are decorated with medallions of yellow marble, sculptured by M. Chabaud; while the rich and varied ornamentation of the entablature is completed by incrustations of marble of different colours. The vaulted roof is decorated with allegorical paintings by M. Pils, the finest of which is probably that representing Apollo in his car. Balconies run round this immense staircase-hall, above the columns, and the view obtained from them is remarkably gorgeous, and not without a certain grandeur. The lower balconies are in Spath-flour marble, and Algerian onyx, and the upper ones in bronze. This is undoubtedly the most effective and most monumental part of the edifice.

The Loggia is connected with the grand *foyer*, which is reached by the staircase we have just described by five ornamental doorways adorned with marble columns, and surmounted by modillions and groups of children designed by Gumery. Between each entry are bronze candelabra, very original in design, and standing upon brackets of sculptured stone. The ceiling is richly decorated with mosaic medallions, representing antique *masques*, some of which have been executed by Signor Salviati, the celebrated Venetian worker in mosaics, and the others by M. Facchina, of Paris. From the balconies of the loggia one perceives the commencement of the avenue, which, by passing over the Butte des Moulins, was to connect the Opera with the Tuileries and the Louvre. Momentarily this avenue only extends as far as the rue Louis-Le-Grand, but it is to be completed eventually, and with the Opera at one end, the Louvre, the Tuileries, and the Théâtre Français at the other, will evidently be one of the finest thoroughfares in Paris. We shall give further illustrations of the new Paris Opera-house in forthcoming numbers. E. A. V.

Sporting Intelligence.

SOUTHERLY winds and cloudy skies have delighted the hearts of all sportsmen since the New Year began; we have scrambled through the mud at Kingsbury, where the oft delayed meeting was most successfully brought to an end; commenced the regular Steeple-chase season at Reading; renewed our acquaintance with the horn and the leash; and, *mirabile dictu*, have read with wonder and with awe that no less than thirteen horses found backers for the Derby (not counting Galopin in that baker's dozen) on Monday in London. A good deal of disappointment prevailed when last week's *Calendar* appeared without the entries for the Chester Cup, the Lincolnshire Handicap, the Northamptonshire Stakes, the Grand National, and Bristol Royal Steeple-chases; but they have cropped up since, one after another, and we can now form a pretty good idea of the sport that is in store for us during the ensuing campaign.

The following have been the entries for the chief of the Spring Handicaps for the last four years, which is quite far enough to go back; for, although we are told that ten or twelve years ago there

were double the number of entries for the Chester Cup and Liverpool Steeple-chase, it must be confessed that the class is far better now; and the field for the Steeple-chase Derby is always quite large enough; while, I am quite sure, most people would prefer to see a dozen run for the Cestrian prize than double that number. Here are the entries, however, for the present and four previous years:—

	1871	1872	1873	1874	1875
Grand National	111	85	109	93	86
City and Suburban	165	156	129	113	102
Great Metropolitan	74	76	53	45	50
Newmarket Handicap	81	57	61	50	51
Chester Cup	123	103	109	80	81
Lincolnshire Handicap	65	121	100	158	129

The Lincolnshire handicap, though last on the list, will be the first decided; and, with its added thousand, is now the richest handicap of the spring. Among its 129 subscribers will be found the names of most of the fastest horses of the day, in addition to others who, like Scamp, Servia, &c., are supposed to like the distance a little further. Last year's winner, and most of the runners-up, are again entered; and among the juvenile aspirants to handicap honours so early in the year, are Picnic, Chaplet, Seymour, Camballo, &c. With seven fewer entries than on the last anniversary, for the Grand National, to which also £1,000 is this year added, we shall probably have plenty of runners; for there are fewer novices engaged than usual,—in fact there are scarcely any fresh "elegant extracts" from the flat. Mr. Leigh heads the list with seven to his name, including Disturbance and Reugny, successive winners of the last two year's prizes; Sir Morgon Crofton stands sponsor for five; Mr. H. Baltazzi has four; Baron Finot heads the foreign division with Marin, La Veine, and Nestor II.; Mr. Studd will probably serve up a dangerous outsider in one of his three; Capt. Machell has only Laburnum and Blair Hill to trust to; and the best from Ireland will be Lancet, Clonave, Sailor, Albert, and Juggler,—the latter, Duke of Cambridge, Copernicus, The Beau, and La Veine, being the only five-year-olds engaged. The Chester Cup, with £500 added, has one more entry than it obtained last year; but seven of them having been enrolled without the knowledge of their owners, the acceptances will probably not number so many: especially as such fossils as Wagga Wagga and Meeenas have been dug up; while the popular Welsh baronet can scarcely hope that his nomination, Glacier, will win his maiden race in such an important event as this; and Schottische has been doing the jumping business round about London and elsewhere; most of last year with small success, having gained the notice of the judge once only in two dozen attempts.

At Epsom, strange to say, although the City and Suburban exhibits a slight falling off in point of numbers (not so however in the quality of its entries), the longer race, The Great Metropolitan, can boast of five more subscribers than in 1874. Horse Chesnut, Herald, Grey Palmer, The Ghost, Hazledean, Stray Shot, and Prince Arthur are among the celebrated youngsters in the short race; Kaiser, Sister Helen, Thorn, Thunder, Andre, and Modena representing the pick of the old ones; while the four-year-old division have Lacy, Spectator, Couronne de Fer, last year's winner, Lady Patricia, Dalham, Lemnos, and many others to depend upon.

We shall have a most exciting race for the Great Metropolitan, if only half a dozen such as Organist, Lilian, Scamp, Trent, etc., cry content; and altogether the Spring gathering at Epsom as yet does not seem likely to suffer from the great New Meeting at Sandown Park, Esher, which will succeed it on the last three days of the same week; the three chief events of which have closed. On the first day, the Esher Stakes, a Mile Handicap, with £500 added, has 73 subscribers, including the names of the best horses, and of the best supporters of the Turf; on the next day, the Sandown Park Stakes, a half mile spin, with the same amount added, has 94 names down; and, on the Saturday, the Grand International Steeple-chase, with the hitherto unheard of sum of £1200 added money, has 90 subscribers, including nearly all the Grand National horses, with a few additions. The above are the most important of the Spring events. At Ascot and elsewhere the entries as yet made also give promise of much sport; and although the field for the Gold Cup last year, when Boiard defeated his compatriot, Flageolet, and our Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger winners, and runners-up, was said to be the best that ever was seen, I shall not be surprised to see quite as good contend for the prize this year; when Boiard, Doncaster, Marie Stuart, and Kaiser, are again engaged, in addition to two dozen others, among whom are King Lud (Boiard's conqueror), and nearly all the best of our wonderful stock of four-year-olds, whose praises I sang in my last.

The Alexandra Plate counts among its twenty-one subscribers two Derby winners, two winners of the Oaks, a St. Leger victress, and all the best cup horses in England and France; and at headquarters the Criterion Stakes has actually a better entry than last year, although Mr. Gee this autumn gives the first Dewhurst Plate of £300 for two-year-olds, to run over the last seven furlongs of the Rowley mile. These are a few of the good things which we may expect to see served up in the various bills of fare in the ensuing season; and surely no one can glance them over and then join in the absurd cry we hear so often now that racing is going to the dogs.

Let any one who is not convinced already that our horses are not only as good, but also much better than they ever were, take up the entries for The Gold Cup and Alexandra Plate, at Ascot; and then let him ask himself whether there were ever so many good horses in training in any one year, that he, or anyone else, can recollect before. Let him then examine the entries for the Grand National Steeple-chase; and remember, at the same time, that the owners of all these eighty-six horses have tried each and every one of them to be able to stay four miles and a half, at racing pace, over a course nearly half of which is ploughed land, intersected with big fences, none carrying less than 10 st., and some nearer 13 st. each; and then can he say that our racehorses are a set of weeds? For, let the sceptic know that, with probably only one or two exceptions, the whole of the horses that are entered for the Cross-country Derby are as thoroughbred as the competitors for the actual Blue Ribbon of the Turf.

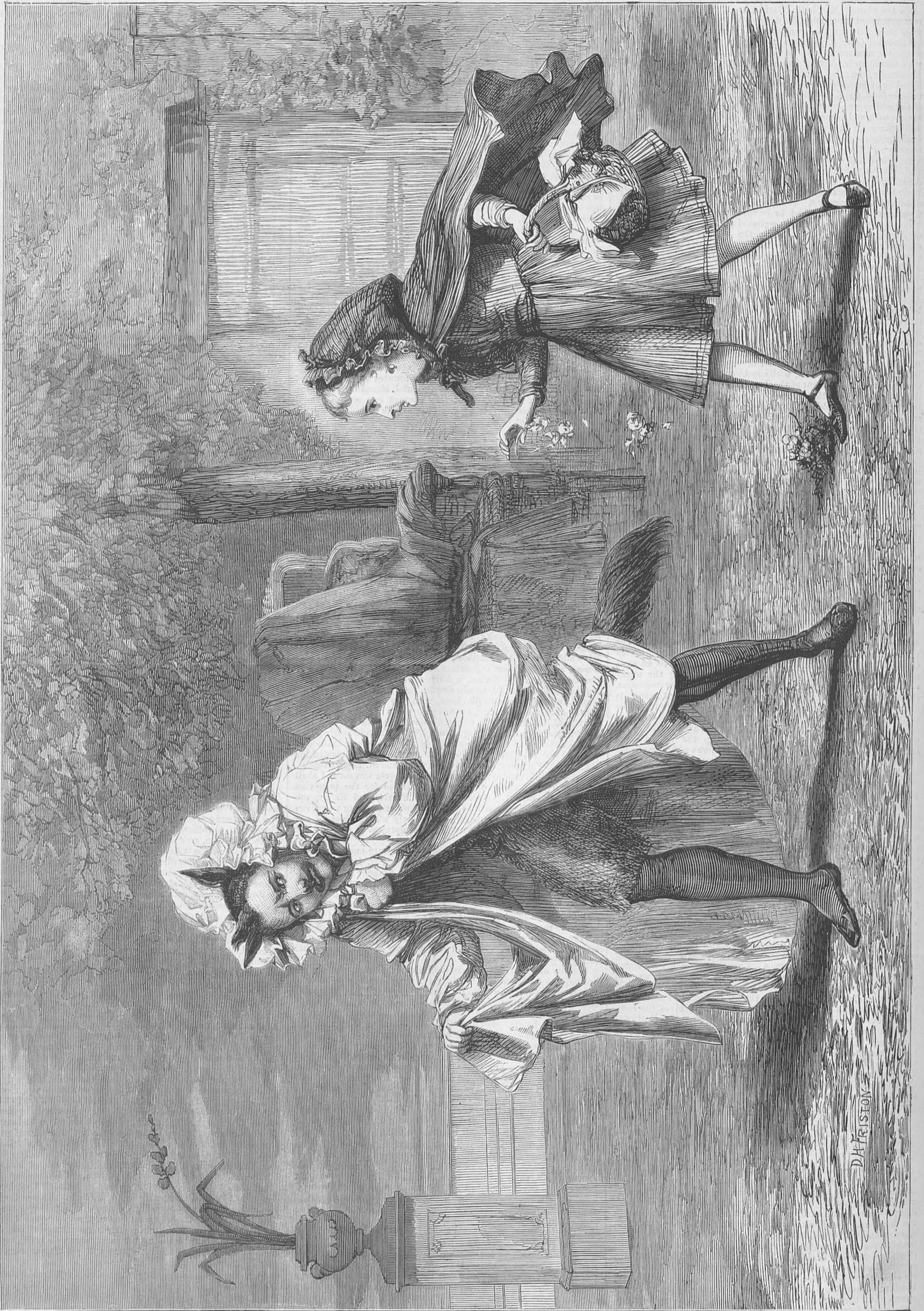
In Ireland, too, the great nursery of our hunters and steeple-chasers, they are not behindhand,—they never are when there is sport to be had,—and the programme of their great meeting at Punchestown, to be held on the 13th and 14th April, has just been issued, offering all but £2,000 to be run for in two days. The course is probably the only natural steeple-chase course in the world: it is certainly the fairest, while it does not take half so much doing as is supposed—a good jumper is certain to get over it,—and Mr. Hunter, Adelaide Road, Dublin, will be glad to take as many Saxon entries as he can get.

The chief topics of interest during the early part of the week was the reported rupture between Count Lagrange and his trainer, and the extraordinary fact that a return of the betting on Monday should be published, containing the names of thirteen candidates for the Derby, all of which were backed for sums varying from a monkey downwards, and the winter favourite's name was not to be found among them. I confess I was not astonished: I have only been surprised that anybody was ever found that would take 6 to 1 about him. I value the opinion of many who say he was the best of his year, and I bow to their

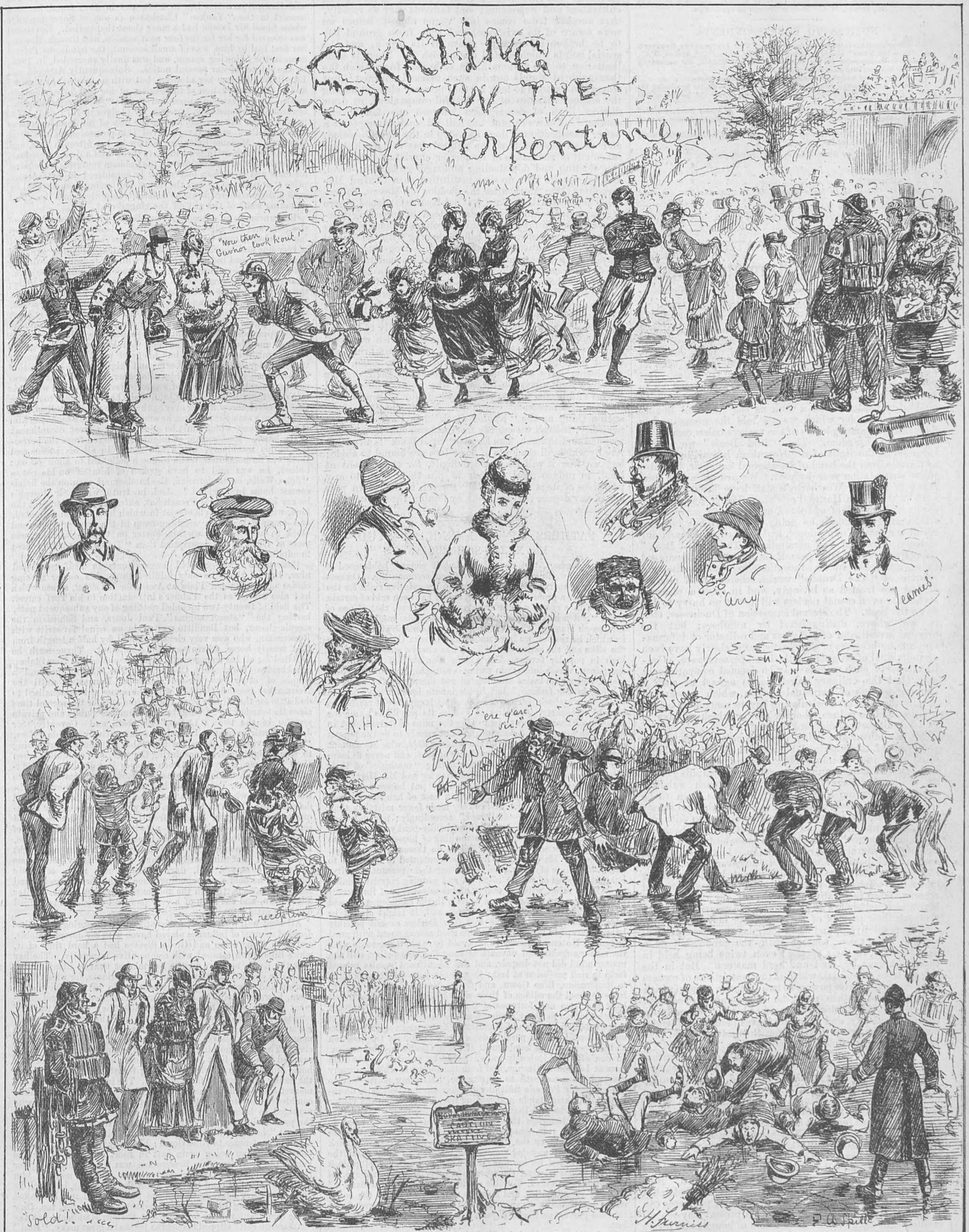
better judgment: I may be blind, for I certainly cannot see what he has done to warrant so short a price being taken about him, in a race where there are more than two hundred entered against him, so long before the day, and for which, if sound and well at the post (always many chances against that), he will have probably from a dozen to twenty opponents, all brought out fit to run for their lives. His last two appearances in public need not be referred to: his *début* was not a very grand one, his two races at Ascot were the best; for his Middle Park Plate performance was not as good as Kaiser's with Surinam in 1872, carrying same weight, nor better than Couronne de Fer's with Newry last year. At Ascot he won the Fernhill by five lengths from Slumber; a few years ago Frivolity won the same race by the same distance from Perfume, a better mare than Slumber, if we may judge by the number of times she won as a three-year-old. Frivolity afterwards won the Middle Park Plate, carrying a penalty—the only time the winner ever did so; but she never won afterwards. Galopin's first race wants a little explanation too: in the Hyde Park Plate, Cachmere gave him 7 lbs, and weight for sex, amounting altogether to 10 lb., and Cachmere came in first by a head; but the stewards were of opinion that Cachmere, unintentionally on her jockey's part, prevented Galopin from winning, and they, therefore, gave the race to Galopin. But if Cachmere had not had the extra weight to carry, where would Galopin have been? He would not have been near enough to claim a cross; and, therefore, I have never thought that 6 to 1 was his proper price; and therefore, too, I am not surprised that, now other horses are backed, the book-makers enlarge their offers against him; particularly as they know, as well as any one else, that the next time Cachmere ran, Telescope ran her on 9 lbs worse terms than Galopin had done, and beat her out of place. The most Derby-like horses that I saw last year were Roland Greave and Holy Friar; while for Telescope (whose second race at Goodwood must be quite ignored as all wrong, from his after running with Dreadnought, Holy Friar, Cachmere, &c.), I have the greatest respect. Camballo has been, all through the piece, first favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas, and surely he has been more worthy of his position than the winter favourite for the Derby, now apparently deposed; for Mr. Vyner's colt beat a fair field in his first race, The Triennial Stakes at Ascot; he next defeated the high-priced Claremont, and several others at Stockbridge; he also was returned the winner of the July Stakes at Newmarket, and the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster; and it was no discredit to him when the flying Balfe, whom he had previously defeated, ran away from him in the Chesterfield, and the Hopeful Stakes, both half-mile spins; nor could it be much to his dishonour to run Holy Friar to half-a-length, having 2 lbs. the worst of the weights, and a gentleman jockey up against John Osborn; while in the Prendergast Stakes he was giving weight to everything that ran. On Monday he was backed at 10 to 1 for the Derby; and if he runs up to his two-year old form in the Two Thousand, those who have backed him now, will have good bets. Garterly Bell and Dreadnought, both Lord Falmouth's, have been much talked about lately: the former ran five times before he could gain a bracket; but he was unfortunate in meeting such animals as Camballo, Mirilfor, Régade and Chaplet, to all of whom he was placed, and only failed to gain the notice of the judge in the Middle Park Plate; while he won the Criterion, up the severe Cambridgeshire Hill, very easily from Ladylove and Balfe, with whom he had the best of the weights, and seven others; and on his last appearance in public, in a Post Match, he easily defeated Duke of Rutland. Garterly Bell, therefore, must be said to have run all through most consistently. Dreadnought is a most improving looking colt, but can only boast of winning the Gladiator Stakes at Newmarket, a race at Goodwood, and the Glasgow Stakes, having only Semper Durus to beat, at Newmarket; he moreover ran a bad second, in front of Claremont, Horse Chesnut, &c., to Balfe, in the Chesterfield Stakes; he next ran a dead heat for second honours with Calvine, a length and a half behind Telescope, for the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood; was third and last to La Sautouse and Balfe for the Granby Stakes; and ran unplaced for the Middle Park Plate. He is almost as good a favourite as his stable companion with the public, and a much better one with several people who appear to be behind the scenes. 1000 to 50 is quoted as taken about Mr. Merry's Makeshift Colt, who was backed pretty heavily for the Middle Park Plate at 100 to 6, the only time he ever carried the *boy in yellow*, on which occasion he did not perform as well as was expected. I may as well here state that Brother to Stafford is his sire, and not Young Melbourne, as I see he is credited to, erroneously, elsewhere. Another of Mr. Merry's, a colt by Scottish Chief out of Lady Morgan, unknown to me, was also backed at 25 to 1, at which price Horse Chesnut was supported. The latter ran unplaced in The Chesterfield Stakes and Middle Park Plate, and won his only bracket when he defeated La Sautouse, who had conquered Balfe and Dreadnought two days previously. He is trained by Joseph Dawson, is the property of a popular ex-hussar, and those who back him will have a fair run for their money.

Telescope and Claremont, at about the same price, found friends, 1250 to 50 and 1000 to 40 being taken about them respectively. They belong to Captain Machell, who has also Leveret engaged. Claremont is the high-priced colt by Blair Athol out of Coimbra: he has run twice,—second to Camballo at Stockbridge, and third to Balfe and Dreadnought in the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket; since which he has been put by, and by all accounts is all the better for his rest. Telescope's best performance was probably running Holy Friar to a head at Stockton, giving "the parson's" colt 5 lb. He won his first race at Chester, beating The Fakenham Ghost, now called The Ghost, by a head. He then won the Newmarket Two-year-old Plate, beating nine, giving weight to all but Kissing Crust; received forfeit in a match; won the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood, and ran a wretched last; pulled up, for the Molecomb Stakes; and was nowhere in the Middle Park Plate. The Bey of Naples has never run, which he would assuredly have done had he been worth it; and Ironstone has never yet carried silk, although both found backers on Monday. 1000 to 25 each is placed opposite the names of Mirilfor and the colt by Macaroni out of Repentance. The latter only ran once, when he beat seven for the Clearwell Stakes. And Mirilfor has the credit of running last in the July Stakes: first in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood, the richest two-year-old prize (except The Middle Park Plate) when Garterly Bell, &c., were behind him. Mr. Clark also awarded him first honours in a Post Sweepstakes at the Second October Meeting, when he beat Earl of Dartrey, Ladylove, Craig Millar, and Maud Victoria. These, then, are the performances of the baker's dozen who found supporters last Monday; and, from a hurried glance, the two worst favourites appear to have done as well as their more fancied opponents. As fresh candidates come up for patronage, we can discuss their merits; but I fancy some little time will yet elapse before a real market is made.

For reasons best known to themselves, and into which it is not my intention to pry, Count Lagrange and Tom Jennings have severed their long-standing connection, and the Anglo-French horses, at least those trained at Newmarket, will for the present be under the fostering care of William Arnall, who received a dozen into his charge early in the week; eight others having since taken their departure for the land of their birth, where they will be looked after by Wetherall. RUGBY.



SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME OF "LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD" AT HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.



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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1875.

WE have always cherished the extremest respect and veneration for those professors of the art of ingeniously self-tormenting, who compile statistics, indite concordances, or count the letters of the Bible for the sake of numerical comparison with the acres of Yorkshire. But for the undertaker of a Sisyphean task, commend us to the laborious and painstaking individual, who is at length enabled to produce such a work as the "Kennel Book," an undertaking for which we are told the necessity has long been felt among lovers of the various tribes composing the canine kingdom. The "Stud Book" we always regarded in the light of a "Herculean labour," not only as it came from the hand of its original compiler, but also in its sustentation year by year. We are not aware how many of Messrs. Weatherby's staff have been driven to seek an asylum in Hanwell or Colney Hatch, owing to the everlasting round of additions, erasures, and corrections, which must continually be going on; but in any case the result is a marvel of accuracy, and as such commands our unbounded respect and admiration. The "Herd Book" dates from a much later period, and we would recommend those interested in its inception to consult the red volumes of "The Druid's" works, wherein hard matters of fact are treated so lovingly, and in such a pleasant style, that even casual readers will be in no hurry to lay down the book. The eternal succession of Duchesses, etc., is, we believe, distinguished by numbers; but the original investigator of pedigrees and collector of information among breeders of shorthorns, must clearly have been an individual of singular method and perseverance. Continuations of such records may be deemed comparatively easy; but the ordinary mind stands aghast at such a seeming process of perpetual motion, which appears to require the head of a calculating boy to control its eccentricities, and to reduce to order matter which appears to fly off at all sorts of different tangents.

All the labour and pains, however, required in tracing pedigrees of thoroughbred horses and shorthorned kine, must sink into absolute insignificance when compared with the minute enquiry necessary for compiling even an ordinarily correct compendium of each subdivision of the canine kingdom. Fresh classes seem to be continually in process of addition to every high class show; and God help the individual, however strong in faith and hope, who undertakes the business of tracing back an "origin of species" produced in all probability by a casual fusion of mongrel blood centuries ago. In treating of the equine and bovine family-trees, however intricate the ramifications and crosses, we have at least something tangible to work upon, including certain well-authenticated records, more especially in the case of our racing blood. Mares and heifers are at least so far accommodating as to protract their periods of gestation over eleven and nine months respectively, and when their days are accomplished, are in most cases content with the production of a single pledge to their species; even twins being held in especial horror by stud and herd masters. But in the dog we have an animal, which if the restrictions of owners limit its reproductive powers to two births in a year (which in a state of nature must be considerably exceeded), brings forth its half dozen or more of blind nestlings with painful regularity, and very soon leaves them to the tender mercies of the world to shift for themselves, while preparations are commenced for another lying in. If even only those puppies deemed worthy of preservation are to have their colour, distinction, and subsequent doings (either as sire or dam) recorded, the task would seem positively endless (taking even a single one of the many different breeds to experimentalise upon) and the research required quite beyond the patience of those at present engaged in trying to square the circle. Among horses, their historians have, at least, one or more starting points short of the ark from which to work, while the Herd Book has also the sources of its stream sufficiently well ascertained for all practical purposes, and commentators can fix names and dates with some precision. But, so far as we know, the canine race has no Godolphin Arabian, or Duchess, on which analysts of pedigrees can lay their finger to trace down to this present day the vicissitudes of doggy families. Masters of hounds and lovers of the leash may, to a certain extent, acquaint themselves with the pedigree lore of their own kennels; but the higher they trace up, the more imperfect their records will be, until at last they become confounded and lost in a hopeless sea of confusion. Thus the necessity for a "Kennel Book" is more potent than the possibility of its correct compilation; and the endless disputes which are everlastingly animating the dog world bear silent (?) testimony to

the impracticability of issuing any general authoritative work on the subject. A partial digest relating to any one particular and rare breed may be of service to its especial cultivators and exponents; but fashions vary so rapidly, that another tribe comes into vogue almost before we were aware of its existence, and then fresh ground has to be broken in order to arrive at its origin, and the special points which should distinguish it. There is some limitation to the various kinds of horses, from which the thoroughbred stands out in such marked contrast; but where can we turn to look for that primary element among the endless varieties of our faithful companions, or draw distinct lines of demarcation between one family and another? Yet we cannot but hail all such attempts at a better classification of dogs as a step in the right direction, and as an earnest that the subject has at length been taken out of the hands of its former charlatan professors. Dog-dealing and dog-stealing no longer go hand-in-hand, and we wonder that no such institution as a Central Metropolitan Dog Mart, after the fashion of Messrs. Tattersall's depot at Albert Gate, has not been established, where regular sales could take place, instead of intending purchasers being compelled to have recourse to long journeys or tiresome correspondence before meeting with the animal they have been casting about to find. Dog-shows have opened folks' eyes, and the public have learned to distinguish between a poodle and a pug; and have ceased to classify all the canine race into Newfoundlands, "tarriers," and toys. There has arisen a demand for superior animals to those mongrel curiosities formerly hawked about by itinerary vendors—a race we are glad to know is fast disappearing, and occasional specimens only to be seen at intervals in London, and at the "thievish corners" of the streets in University towns. Fabulous prices are asked and given for the lions of the show-bench, and gentlemen have not considered it beneath their dignity to breed and advertise for sale, like proprietors of stud horses and herds who take up their hobby with an eye to profit and amusement combined. No wonder, therefore, such a thing as the "Kennel Book" has been deemed a necessity, though we are far from sanguine of its satisfactory accomplishment. The English "Stud Book" is an authority by which all students of horse lore are bound to abide; but we fear it will be found difficult, for the present at least, to induce rival owners to pin their faith to any pedigrees of dogs as absolutely correct, if their own pets are in any degree compromised by doubts thrown on their sang azur.

FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

No. XXXI.—ROSICRUCIAN.

THE old adage, "It never rains but it pours," holds good of Turf luck as well as the ordinary events of common life. Owners of Derby winners seem to hold a certain prescriptive right for the possession of a prominent favourite, and it has been said of certain Turfites, in a coarsely complimentary sort of way, that if one of them "put a jackass into the Derby" the public would back it. Sir Joseph Hawley, whose colours, so characteristic of the county in which he resides, we have unfortunately seen the last of among the silks and the satins of the Turf, has always stood deservedly high in popular favour. The public like men of his calibre; sportsmen, whose interest in racing is something more than ephemeral, and whose tastes are dictated not merely by the desire of "being in the fashion," but by an innate love for the sport in which they embark. The possession of a large stud of racehorses has, like property, its duties as well as its privileges; and the foremost of these seems to be to take the reins of government in hand with firmness and decision, and not merely to be the puppet of a trainer, like too many of the *jeunesse dorée*, who are content to patronize the Turf in a languid sort of way, and never to leave the leading strings of some accommodating "manager" of their racing fortunes. Men like Sir Joseph Hawley and Mr. Merry were essentially their own masters, and could "put horses together," as the saying is, without consulting a host of hangers-on, each with a different opinion. Hence they made fewer mistakes than most people, and were "followed" accordingly; nor did they condescend to resort to any of those hanky-panky tricks which have heretofore distinguished the working of horses belonging to that very clever set, who mostly fail to do themselves any good. Owners of the Hawley stamp have been contented to take and to hold a high line of their own, consulting their personal dignity, but not careless of public interests, and gauging popular opinion at its true value, without taking undue advantage of its current in their favour to play fast and loose with the confidence reposed in them. Such men command respect, and, it might almost be added, success; and to have won four Derbys cannot possibly happen except to those who combine good management with good fortune. No one believed in or would have anything to do with the rather angular and uncouth looking Beadsman; but still the master mind did not despair, and the magnificent results poured forth in rich profusion at last; though the year which gave birth to Rosicrucian, Blue Gown, and Green Sleeves, may be said to have crowned the edifice of their sire's renown. We have traced back the fame and fortunes of the house of Beadsman through Weatherbit up to Sheet Anchor and his ancestors in our notice of that dark brown son of old Mendicant: hence we have only to take up the thread of our parable downwards to discuss the position and prospects of his handsomest if not his best son, Rosicrucian. In one of those jealously-walled paddocks peculiar to the stud farm at Leybourne Grange, and from the shelter of which so many cracks have gone forth to acquire the "Manning polish" or to harden under Porter's finishing touches on the Berkshire downland ridge, there stands a spreading tree, under which the visitor will pause to be told that this was "Rosi's" birthplace, and that under those branches the wayward Madame Eglantine came to foal year after year, whether the burden she bore was to Asteroid or Fitz-Roland, or the "Weatherbit brown." You may pick "Madame" out any day among the matrons as they roam the Cobham pastures, for her fine quality and symmetry, and quite a contrast to her relative, the coarse and carty Morgan la Faye, of the Houldsworth clan. Terrible stories do they tell of "Madame's" training eccentricities, and how she well nigh worried the spirit out of her before it came to a start; yet she has sobered down into the gravest and most dignified nursing mother of heroes at last.

Rosicrucian was bred by Sir Joseph Hawley in 1865, and was got by Beadsman (his Derby winner of 1858), out of Madame Eglantine. For the pedigree and performances of his sire, we must refer our readers to a memoir accompanying the portrait of Beadsman, which appeared in this paper a few weeks back. Madame Eglantine traces her descent by Cowl (a son of Bay Middleton), from Diversion, by Defence, out of Folly, by Middleton, thus combining some of the stoutest strains to be found in the Stud Book. The lot of "Madame" was cast in Thormanby's year, and she

proved herself a thorn in the side of that celebrity at Epsom, on one of the few occasions when she took it into her head to do her best. After a rather inglorious turf career, however, she was withdrawn from active life in 1860, and in 1861 found her first consort in the "Yankee" Charleston (a son of Sovereign), for whose blood Sir Joseph had a fancy about that period. Beadsman was selected for her for the four next seasons, and though Monaca, her first foal by him, was of small account, the handsome Palmer came in the following season, and was finally succeeded, in 1865, by the subject of our present notice. Subsequently Asteroid and Fitz-Roland became her admirers, but with no very happy results; and as if in indignation at the neglect of her first love, she then missed three years in succession to the "Weatherbit brown," rewarding his constancy, however, by pledges in 1872 and 1873, in which year she was sold among the rest of Sir Joseph's mares at Middle Park, and was transferred into possession of the Stud Company. Madame Eglantine is now in her fifteenth year, and is likely enough, with good luck, to throw half a dozen more foals for the benefit of shareholders in the Cobham venture. A thousand for mare and Beadsman foal cannot be considered an extravagant price "as times go;" but the fact of her having been covered by such a three cornered brute as Siderolite doubtless had the effect of taking some of the gilt off the gingerbread.

Rosicrucian is an exceedingly handsome black brown horse of the long and low type, and as different a looking animal (excepting in colour), from his sire as can well be imagined. His head is very fine and bloodlike, with rather a wicked looking eye and restless ears; and indeed his temper, while in training and during his sojourn at Leybourne Grange, was none of the most amiable. Change of air, however, seems to have sobered him down a little; though he cannot be said to be fond of visitors at Middle Park. His neck is muscular, and fits well into fairly sloping shoulders, while he has plenty of thickness through, though no great depth of girth. His back is a trifle long, but not so as to make him appear short in the quarters, which are all that can be desired, and his hooks are clean and well let down. His legs are fairly furnished with bone; but his great point is the immense muscular development in his arms and thighs, a sort of *spécialité* in Beadsman's stock. Take him altogether, he is as neat a horse as a man need look over; and was an especial favourite with his late owner and trainer, while John Wells has been heard to declare that he never threw his leg over one he liked so well as "Rosi." In fact, to use a stable expression, he would rather have a mount on him than his dinner, which must be admitted as a great compliment to the horse. Rosicrucian, as might be expected from the perfection of his machinery, was a fine mover in all his paces, and there was no horse that Wells so much delighted to show off on; indeed, he was said to have spoken of himself on his pet as "John Wells, on Rosicrucian, the handsomest man on the handsomest horse in England." And, in truth, when Sir Joseph's jockey had discarded the French hat, *outré* tie and collar, and the loud, window-paned style of coat in which he so much delighted, and came out of the weighing-room in the popular cherry and black to have his leg up from Porter on the black, there was more of truth in the description than "Tiny's" detractors cared to admit.

Rosicrucian's two-year-old engagements in 1867 numbered nine, but of these he only fulfilled three, his owner making choice of the Maiden Plate at Ascot, for his *début*, a race which had also served as the Palmer's introduction to his Turf career. The field of twenty-two included nothing of any subsequent note, barring the "steam engine" Paul Jones, and Schiedam the steeple-chaser, but Banditto was made an equal favourite with Rosicrucian, who won very cleverly indeed by half a length from that speedy horse, Charnwood and Contempt. Thenceforth he forfeited for all his engagements (which included the New Stakes, Stockbridge Troy, July, Chesterfield, The Champagne, and a couple of other two-year-old stakes at Doncaster) until the Newmarket Second October, when he came out unpenalised to do battle for the Middle Park Plate, then run for the second time since its foundation. Owing to the immense public and private prestige of the two "Ladies," Elizabeth and Coventry, Sir Joseph's pair were only backed at comparatively outside prices, "Rosi" having a slight call of his stable companion, but, owing to some slight interference during the race, and a stumble when close at home, Kenyon on Green Sleeves just did him and Huxtable by a head, the favourites and Formosa being beaten a couple of lengths. Poor Tom French had the mount on Rosicrucian in the Criterion, wherein he ran at even weights with Leonie, and defeated the Duke of Hamilton's filly cleverly enough by three-quarters of a length, King Alfred being third. He next laid siege to the Troy Stakes, and, notwithstanding the flourish of trumpets with which Michael de Banco came from Woodyates, Rosicrucian presented "Our William's" lanky giant with eight pounds, and beat him easily. Thus ended a fairly prosperous two-year-old season, and, during the winter reign of Lady Elizabeth, he held a commanding place in the Two Thousand and Derby quotations, though the public mind rather hankered after Blue Gown, and the faith of a very powerful division was pinned on "the mare."

All went well with the Kingsclere trio until the spring, when that dreaded scourge of influenza played havoc with Sir Joseph's stable, and both Rosicrucian and Green Sleeves had a hard time of it, while Blue Gown escaped with comparative immunity. The bay took the Earl's measure in the Newmarket Craven Biennial, but the stable decided not to run him for the Guineas, for which Rosicrucian and Green Sleeves were sent to do battle. Neither of them, however, could be said to have vindicated the usual judgment of Sir Joseph, and it was palpable they were, in trainers' language, "all to pieces." The mare had the call of her field, Formosa splitting the cherry candidates, of which French had the mount on Green Sleeves, while Wells once more piloted Rosicrucian. They had nothing to do with the finish, however, which resulted in a dead heat between Formosa and that very uncertain horse Moslem, the Hawley pair being fourth and fifth, with even the gaudy St. Ronan in front of them. The interval between Newmarket and Epsom did not benefit "Rosi" much, nor was public confidence restored by the sight of Wells on "Bluey," who managed to bring Sir Joseph Hawley upsideways with Mr. Bowes for the premiership amongst owners of Derby winners. The "lucky baronet," however, declared to win with either "Rosi" or the mare in preference to Blue Gown; but they had to look on once more, St. Ronan being again just in front of our hero for the fourth place. After this Rosicrucian was wisely thrown up for the remainder of the season, and we saw nothing more of him until the Queen's Stand Plate at Ascot the next year, in which he cut a very sorry figure, although the public would not be stalled off from backing him. At Newmarket First October, too, they made him first favourite for the Great Eastern Handicap, but the "Amaranth colt" slipped his field so far that a great many, "Rosi" among them, did not think it worth while to persevere, and Wells weighed in with 8st. 13lb. in no very amiable frame of mind. Still the stable knew that he was coming back to his good old form, and having been indulged with a pipe-opener in the shape of a fruitless gallop with 9st. 2lb. up the Cambridgeshire Hill, he was brought out against Formosa and Heather Bell for the All-aged Stakes, being asked to concede 3lbs. to the St. Leger heroine of the preceding year, and 10lbs. to Heather Bell, who were equal favourites at the start. Wells, however, coming along

hand-over-hand, in his usual confident style, just did the Beck-hampton mare by a neck, thus gaining his solitary winning bracket of 1869. The next year his labours began in real earnest, as he ran thirteen times between Epsom Spring and Liverpool Autumn, doing the stable excellent service, and seeming to grow handsomer each time he was stripped. Whether Sir Joseph was ignorant of his staying powers (which is hardly likely), or whether he wisely kept his own counsel in the matter, we know not; but short cuts were his game at this period of his life, and the public, taking their ideas from the policy of his owner, set him down as a mere brilliant miler, and would never be stalled off whenever his number went up with Wells's name below it. The "glorious gelding," Sabinus, was too much for him in the City and Suburban, in which "Rosi." was asked to give Vespasian's brother 40 lb. for the two years, and the feather-weighted Claudius and Miss Dayrell fought out the place battle; but the next day saw him present with Thor with 2st. 9 lb. for the year, and beat him by a length and a half in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, Geant des Batailles receiving 10 lbs., and a fair field behind the three. At Newmarket he was only asked to beat Perry Down and Robespierre in the Craven week, and at the next meeting at headquarters, after defeating Star and Garter and Bouquetiere in a £100 Plate, in attempting another he had to knock out to Idus, then in very fine form, and by some supposed to be the "best horse in England." At Ascot he could only get second to Green Riband in the Trial, and King of the Forest showed him a clean pair of heels in the Queen's Stand Plate; but he had the credit of being beaten in the "best of all good company," along with Perfume (2), Digby Grand (3), Paté, Hawthornden, and the Starlight filly. Vespasian managed to run him to a neck in the Goodwood Craven, and the two were close up in Soucar's Chesterfield Cup on the Friday. Heather Bell also beat him a head for the Brighton Champagne of that year, a race which settled King o' Scots' St. Leger chance; and he only came through the York Cup by the skin of his teeth, Agility being disqualified owing to a cross. At Newmarket Houghton he upset some very fast cattle in Normanby, Typhoeus, and Kingcraft, over the Bretby course, in the All-aged Stakes, and finally wound up the season at Liverpool by running third to Exciseman (6st. 4 lb.) and Indian Ocean (5 st. 10 lb.), carrying the welter of 9 st., after starting favourite. In 1871 he began indifferently by running unplaced in the Epsom Prince of Wales' Stakes, won by Westley, and did not seem to fancy the intricacies and dirt of the Chester labyrinth, wherein Mortimer gave him 5 lb. and ran second to the turned-loose Glenlivet. But a brighter fate was in store for him in leafy June, and nothing became him so well as his closing performances at Ascot, on whose "give-and-take" course he had run with such varying fortunes in former years. He carried home his 9 st. victoriously in the Stakes, absolutely spread-eagling his field, and almost pulling Wells out of the saddle as he cantered home past the stand. Never had the stable such confidence in their pet, and the way the "pieces were put down" quite brought back the palmy days of speculation, when spirits long since passed away swayed the destinies of the ring. In the rich Alexandra Plate, Tom Chaloner and Musket looked formidable enough, while Barford and Dutch Skater were known to be "stickers;" but their old luck stuck to the Glasgow colours, and Rosierucian had it all his own way from the distance. After this crowning triumph he was withdrawn from the turf, and after standing at his owner's place for a time was brought up with the rest of Sir Joseph Hawley's breeding stud for sale at Middle Park in the July of 1873. There, after a little brisk firing, the hammer fell to Mr. Chaplin's bid of 6,200 guineas; and after having been located with Mr. Blenkiron for the ensuing season at a 75 guinea fee, he has this year been promoted to the hundred guinea division, a compliment we trust he will show his appreciation of by getting stock as good as himself. He has had a good start in life at any rate, looking at the prices realised by his yearlings; while most of the foals we have seen by him are full of the highest promise, although not so conspicuous for size as that combination of substance and quality we are accustomed to look for among the kings of the turf. Thus Beadsman's vacant niche in the gallery of "blood sires" has been filled up right worthily, and another lease of popularity has been secured to the sturdy race of Weatherbit blood—which threatened at one time to be at its vanishing point for lack of public appreciation and support. If the young Rosierucians fail to keep up the family charter of "running blood," all we can say is, that good looks must go for nothing, and that henceforth breeders should revert to the happy system of "chancing it," in which their forefathers so greatly excelled. In Hermit and Rosierucian Mr. Chaplin may be said to possess two of the most popular sires of the day, and there is no one who better deserves success, if public spirit and liberality are to weigh for anything with those most interested in improving our thoroughbred stock. Meantime, Rosierucian has been rapidly advanced at Eltham, and may be said to occupy Blair Athol's vacant throne at the "monster stud farm," as the "Druid" loved to call it. Long may he flourish in the home of his adoption, recalling pleasant memories of days gone by, when the Men of Kent rallied round their best loved cherry banner, and John Wells lingered to catch Sir Joseph's last word ere he had his leg up on the "handsomest horse in the world."

AN ADVENTURE IN THE SNOW.

SITUATED in the midst of a fierce battle-field of contending causes, the principal of which, in winter-time, are the South-west gales warmed by passage over the Gulf stream, and the waves of intense cold which repeatedly cross the continent from the North-west, it may be readily understood why Halifax, Nova Scotia, is so subject to sudden changes of temperature at the above season—alternations of frost and fog, rain and snow;—the variability of this fickle climate justifying the old doggerel rhymes as typical of a Halifax winter's day:—

"First it blew,
And then it snow,
And then it friz,
And then it thaw,
And then it rained,
And then it friz again."

To relieve the tedium of this long, though not altogether dreary season, sleigh-driving forms the principal resource. There is such a charm in this swift, easy mode of locomotion, that few hear the merry chime of sleigh-bells for the first time after a nice, even fall of snow has whitened the roads, without a certain feeling of exhilaration of spirit. What can be a prettier winter's spectacle than that presented by a gathering of a number of sleighs, double, single, or tandem, with their well-appointed trappings and handsome furs, fringed with scarlet and blue cloth, brushing the snow, assembling to start for an expedition! A brilliant sky, so different to the dull waxy atmosphere of English frosty weather, lights up the gay scene. The clashing of multitudinous bells are intermingled with the merry laughter of the fair sex, who recline cosily under the ample robes of bear, lynx, or buffalo; and the prancing, impatient teams become more and more inspired and anxious for the start, until at length the signal is given. Some dashing equipage, probably a tandem, suddenly leaves the throng, followed by another of the same description; then come double sleighs; some single; and, finally,

the pageant is resolved into a long string of vehicles in Indian file. A turn or two through the streets to give the inhabitants a sensation, and they are off for the road. And then, besides, to the delicious sensation of gliding over the even surface without the attendant jar and rumbling of wheels, is added the real beauty of scenery on a calm, sunny winter's day, when the road is skirted by woods. Every branch and bough is covered by the radiant crystals of the new snow. Not a leaf stirs, except when the busy little titmice and gold-crests flutter amongst the foliage and dislodge sparkling showers; and the sleigh-bells' chime is echoed back from the stems of the forest trees. The light-coloured bark of the maples and beeches reflects a warm glow; and the shadows, which continually cross the road, are tinted with a delicate purple hue. A procession of sleighs passing through the woods, forms one of the most beautiful pictures of Canadian life.

Though there are many such fine days in the Nova Scotian winter, there are others—and by far the greater proportion—when no one would dream of venturing out sleighing for pleasure's sake; and it often occurs that a party starting for an excursion on the brightest morning are overtaken by a fierce, blinding snow-storm before regaining the shelter of the town.

It was on such a morning that, accompanied by a comrade who had recently joined us at this station, I left Halifax for a day's outing at the head of Bedford Basin; partly for the pleasure of the sleighing which was excellent—the snow which had fallen evenly though rather deeply having been well beaten down by traffic for a couple of days since the fall,—and partly to enjoy the winter's sport of fishing for trout through the ice on some lakes near Sackville. We were to dine at the well-known hostelry of one John Butler, called the Ten Mile House, and return in the evening by the same route.

Though spoiled of some of its scenic charms by the close proximity of the Windsor rail-road, the road skirting the shores of that splendid expanse of water called Bedford Basin—a great salt-water lock, the continuation of Halifax harbour, capable of containing the entire British Navy—still affords a most picturesque drive, and one oftenest chosen in winter for the pleasures of sleighing. About three miles from Halifax, this road is crossed by the line of rails which intersects it here at a very small angle. There is, or was at the time I speak of, no station or gate at this crossing, from which to the Halifax terminus both rail and road follow a curve in the shores of the basin, in close proximity to each other. But for the telegraph posts which mark the railway, the strange settler driving his sleigh of country produce to the city market, and after a heavy fall of snow, might readily mistake the road; whilst, in a snow-storm, and on a dark night, his chances of making such a mistake would be greatly increased, as no lights distinguish the railroad. He could not, however, proceed far; for at a short distance from the crossing, the latter line is rendered impracticable to stray cattle by a deep gulf with perpendicular sides cut across it, and over which the single line of rails is carried on balks of timber, whilst progress on either side is rendered impossible by the narrow rocky walls of the cutting through which the railroad winds sharply under a steep hill-side.

Well, to my story. We had finished our fishing and had our dinner. The former was somewhat unsuccessful, only two or three small flabby trout having been tempted to take a feeble wintry bite at our bait in the hole which, after much labour, we had cut through the ice on the lake. The latter was good; and, lighting our pipes, we left hospitable and civil John Butler (since dead I regret to add) with a parting glass of *curaçoa* for our homeward drive.

But how changed was the weather! It was late in the evening; and though it had looked threatening in the north-east during the afternoon, we had calculated on a clear sky and a star-light drive. It was, instead, quite dark; and light, sullenly-falling snow drove across our faces. It was one of those sudden storms of light *poudré* snow which arise so quickly and often unexpectedly in this fickle climate, and are so disagreeable to both horse and driver, almost blinding the eyes as it beats against one's face, and masking the eyebrows, hair, whiskers, and moustaches with frozen plasters.

My companion, a comparative stranger, insisted, after we had driven the first half of the way homewards, on taking the reins; which I allowed him to do, with the remark that "the train was unusually late to-night." We should have heard the prolonged howl of the American steam-whistle on the engine, as a warning of its approach, long before,—a sound that is audible at a very great distance in clear frosty weather, and at several miles even in a storm like the present.

Presently, yielding to an irresistible feeling of drowsiness induced by the long day in the open air and the reclining posture under the warm buffalo robes, I dozed off,—to be roughly awakened by a sudden shock, an exclamation from my comrade, and the violent concussion of my forehead against the dashboard of the sleigh.

The dark rocky walls of the cutting towered on either side. The poor horse was down in the pit, his head and neck and part of his back above the snow. We had taken the wrong road. It was the railroad!

We soon found that we were in a fix of no ordinary nature; for the trap into which the horse had fallen (I had omitted to state that the light *poudré* snow had so drifted into it that it was quite indistinguishable in the gloom of the storm) was scarcely broader than his own length, whilst the animal's chest was flush against its bricked face, so that he had no chance of raising his legs to help himself out. Still, we had not as yet heard the howl of the approaching cars, and we might get assistance from a nigger's hut close at hand. With all speed we were undoing and cutting away the harness, when, oh horror! a red glow struck my eye as I glanced towards the commencement of the cutting—the reflection of the furnace of the engine on the snow beneath. A muffled roar became more and more plain to the ear; and in another moment the defined form of the advancing monster with its huge smoke-stack towered over us. "Crouch," shouted I to my comrade, "fall back into the ditch;" and we both threw ourselves on our backs into the little drains between the lines of rail and the rock. I saw the protruding guard in front of the engine, called the cow-catcher, almost on a level with my eyes as I lay, take the rear of the sleigh. I heard a momentary crackling of wood, and then I saw, against the light of the sky, the form of the poor horse flying through the air in a curve in front of the engine.

It had passed, and we breathed a hundred times more freely; for, thank God! no frightful accident had ensued, such as I, at the moment of the collision, had regarded with horror as certain—the throwing of the train off the line of rails. Barely room, as it was, for us, in such an event we must have been utterly overwhelmed.

Recovering ourselves, our first action was to run to the negro's hut for assistance, for a light, and a knife wherewith to dispatch the unfortunate horse should it still then be alive. For this, however, there was no need. At nearly fifty yards from the locality of the collision lay its body on the snow-bank, almost split asunder by the wedge-shaped cow-catcher. So, leaving the collection of any portions of the trap and harness that might be of value to the blacks, we ruefully trudged homewards; meeting, half-way, the conductor of the train, who was returning to discover the cause of the shock, which had been perceptibly felt by the passengers in the cars. At the terminus his knowledge of what had

occurred was increased by finding a portion of the fabric of the sleigh, and a scrap of buffalo robe adorning the front of the engine.

Although it might seem to some a singular proceeding to endeavour to obtain personal compensation for our loss from the railway company when we had so nearly succeeded in inadvertently causing a frightful accident, we nevertheless asked it; first, on account of the obvious want of protection to travellers at the junction of the roads; and, secondly, on the plea that, as was proved to be the case, no signal of the approach of the train by bell or whistle had been made for twenty miles from the spot. The question, though duly brought forward in the House of Assembly, was eventually ignored and lost in the then fierce turmoil of colonial politics.

C. HARDY.

OPERA-BOUFFE—NEAT AS IMPORTED.

Poor Adah Isaacs Menken was accustomed to divide mankind into two classes—those who had married her, and those who had not. Many other things may be classed on the same general principles. The public is composed of those who know and those who don't; the artistic world, of those who can and those who can't; the female world, of those who will and those who won't; the official world, of those who do and those who don't; the political world, of those who are in and those who are out; the commercial world, of those who break and those who are broke; the military world, of those who fight and those who run away; and so on, *ad infinitum*, like the house that Jack built, or the celebrated series of fleas—

"For each flea has another flea
And lesser flea to bite him,
And that flea has another flea,
And so *ad infinitum*."

In most of these dual worlds, the larger half—the preponderating weight which governs the motion of the social machine—is undoubtedly the negative one. The don'ts outnumber the dos, and the can'ts the cans most immeasurably; and, as a rule, the square peg is forced into the round hole, and *vice versa*.

In no profession is this more evident than in that of the stage, and especially the operatic stage, which is, with us, confusion worse confounded—managers, who know nothing of music; singers, who know nothing of acting and not much of singing; and conductors; who know nothing at all. We assisted the other night at one of those outrages on taste, decency, and common-sense, called in London, *opéra-bouffe*. Save the mark! The ladies were apparently selected for their lack of voice, style, talent, and—clothes; the men for their cockney accent, and utter want of talent of every sort; and the conductor, for complete and perfect ignorance of his duties, one and all,—who, wielding a rod of portentous length, goes fishing for the time but catches nothing, and when he makes a very palpable mistake, looks round at some unoffending fiddler who is doing his best *not* to be put out by the professor's antics, and scowls at him as if it was his (the fiddler's) fault. Why does not this *Maestro* get a Japanese blow-out rod? it would look effective, and he could poke the eyes out of the chorus when they went wrong, or when *he* went wrong, which is all the same thing.

We do not intend at present to stir up the troubled waters with the question of whether *opéra-bouffe* is good, bad, or indifferent in itself,—there is too much to be said on both sides for our space,—but this we do insist on, that if it be given in England at all, it ought to be given well, with due regard to the spirit and wit of the libretto, and to the effect of the music. The English version should be a free imitation, conforming to the idiom of the English language, and not a bald translation, mistaking the letter for the spirit, and thereby retaining all the coarseness, but losing all the wit,—as Sheridan says, "Like the Spa waters they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulency of champagne, but without its spirit or flavour."

The most essential feature of *opéra-bouffe*, as heard in France, is *chic*, that untranslatable, uncommunicable, un-English quality, which, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins, and like the bloom on the peach, or the dust on the wing of a butterfly, vanishes at a touch—but which in England is represented by that tough ending, fast coloured, and thoroughly British attribute called "cheek," that being the nearest approach we can make either in sound or substance to the original. It is funny to remark how, in the absence of the genuine fun and frolic of French *opéra-bouffe*, we resort to heavy jokes, sententious speeches, padded calves, powdered shoulders, and a wealth of bust! How the vocalists, instead of that touch-and-go flirting with the music which suits the light and careless character of the composition, if we may use so serious a word on such a gay subject, swell and heave and elaborate and pause as if they were singing in an oratorio, which they probably often have done, in the chorus; and the conductor, who should, and in France does, follow and humour the singer to the top of his bent, altering time, pitch, everything, remorselessly, for the sake of go and effect, fully persuaded that, like the fly on the coach wheel, *he* is the moving power, the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes," and the sole *Arbiter Artium*. We have seen one of these fellows, swelled with his own importance, like the frog in the fable, "even to bursting," absolutely refuse to make the most common transposition (that of a third lower), to suit the voice of a singer, and a woman to boot, on the ground of classicality—in *opéra-bouffe*! and declare, in a shrill voice, which had fewer "Airs from heaven" than whiffs from the Seven Dials in its tones, that "e wouldn't 'ave hit, Mounseer Lee Cock would hobject, and hit was *musically* wrong." How a thing can be "musically wrong," we confess we are at a loss to imagine. A thing may be "wrong from a musician's point of view," or, "wrong in a musical sense," but "musically wrong!" *i. e.*, harmoniously discordant—melodiously untuneful. If the *Maestro's* counterpoint be no better than his grammar, we can well understand his incapacity. How true is the oft misquoted aphorism, "If ignorance be bliss, 'twere folly to be wise," for here was a man utterly ignorant of the first duty of a conductor, which is to aid the singer to the utmost of his power, and yet happy in the idea that it was his important self who was responsible to the public. Verily, Balaam's ass was not the only ass who had the gift of speech. When this instance of pretentious imbecility came under our ken, we could not avoid adding one more to the list of obstructives that heads this article,—those who would, and those who wouldn't, or, perhaps, in the present instance, "couldn't," for it is not so easy to transpose at sight; and, indeed, upon mature deliberation, we opine that *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, the sport is not worth the trouble; and that the best way is to wait till the weather is fine, and cross the channel for our *opéra-bouffe*, instead of taking it, "neat as imported,"—to class the English imitation with Brett's British Brandy, Gooseberry Champagne, home-made cigars and the other clumsy imitations of foreign "notions" that always remind us of the donkey that would be a lap dog. Let us stick to our honest tragedy, comedy, and melodrama, and leave *opéra-bouffe* to those who understand the manner thereof.

L.

EPH'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled JAMES EPH'S & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly. Works for Dietetic Preparations, Foston Road and Camden Town.—[ADVT.]



DRIVING THE PARTRIDGES.—“MARK COVEY.”



A DAY'S RABBITING.—THE LUNCHEON



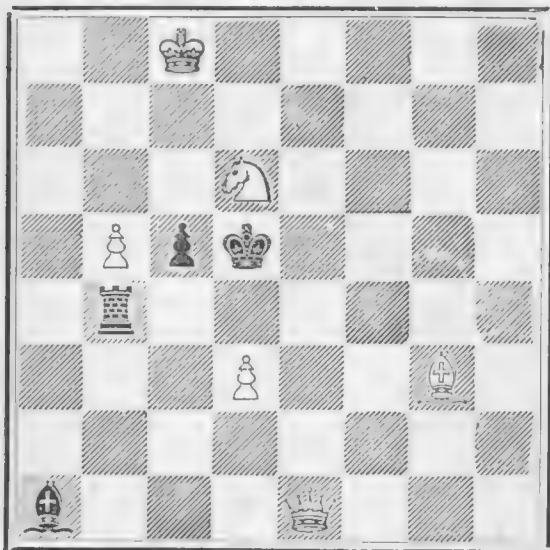
Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention. Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

PROBLEM No. 36.

By Mr. R. B. WORMALD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM-35.

WHITE.

1. R to Q Kt 5
2. R to K Kt 3
3. P to B 4 mate.

BLACK.

1. P to B 5
2. P takes R

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correct solutions received from J. B., A. W. M., PERDITA, and R. W. S. A. W. M.—It is published by W. W. Morgan, of 67, Barbican, E.C. H. S.—There is no solution as you suggest.

The following games were played recently at the Café International, New York, between Messrs. Mackenzie and Schmitt.

[SCOTCH GAMBIT.]

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	14. K to R sq	14. B takes R
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3	15. B to K 3	15. Castles Q R
3. P to Q 4	3. P takes P	16. Kt to Q 2	16. P to K R 4
4. P to Q B 3 (a)	4. P to Q 4 (b)	17. P to Q B 4	17. P to K R 5
5. K P takes P	5. Q takes P	18. Q to K B sq	18. R to K R 4
6. B to K 2	6. B to Q B 4	19. R to K sq (d)	19. Kt to Kt 6 (ch)
7. Castles	7. Kt to K B 3	20. P takes Kt	20. P takes P (dis. ch)
8. B to Q Kt 5	8. P to Q 6	21. K to Kt sq	21. Q R to K R sq
9. P to Q Kt 4	9. B tks. B P (ch)	22. Q takes B (ch)	22. R takes Q
10. R takes B	10. Q takes B	23. Kt to K B 3	23. K R to R 4
11. P to Q R 4	11. Q to K B 4	24. K to B sq	24. R to R 8 (ch)
12. Kt to Q 4	12. Kt tks. Kt (c)	25. B to K Kt sq	25. Kt to Kt 5
13. R takes Q	13. Kt to K 7 (ch)		

And White resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) An unusual move, and very inferior to 4 Kt takes P or 4 B to Q B 4.
 (b) The correct reply, which gives Black the better game.
 (c) Very well played. The sacrifice appears to be quite sound, though Black gets only a Rook and minor piece for the Queen.
 (d) Overlooking apparently the move Black has in store.

Between Messrs. Richardson and Mason.

[EVANS' GAMBIT.]

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	17. Q to K 2	17. P to K R 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3	18. Kt to Q 2	18. Q R to K sq
3. B to Q B 4	3. B to Q B 4	19. Kt to K B 3	19. Q to K 2
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. B takes Kt P	20. Q R to Q sq	20. P to Kt 4 (d)
5. P to Q B 3	5. B to R 4	21. P to K R 4	21. P takes P
6. Castles	6. Kt to K B 3	22. B takes P	22. Q to Q B 4
7. P to Q 4	7. Castles	23. R to Q 5	23. Q to Q B 3
8. Kt tks. K P (a)	8. P to Q 3 (b)	24. K R to Q sq	24. Q to Kt 3
9. Kt takes Kt	9. P takes Kt	25. B to Q Kt 5	25. B to K 5
10. Q to Q R 4 (c)	10. B to Q Kt 3	26. B takes R	26. B takes R
11. P to K 5	11. P takes P	27. R takes B	27. R takes B
12. P takes P	12. Kt to Kt 5	28. B to K Kt 3 (e)	28. Kt to K B 3
13. Q to R 5	13. Q to R 5	29. Q to Kt 5 (f)	29. Q takes B
14. B to K Kt 3	14. Q to K Kt 4	30. P takes Kt	30. Q takes P (ch)
15. Q takes B P	15. R to Kt sq	31. K to R sq	31. R to K 8 (ch)
16. Q to K 4	16. B to K B 4		

NOTES.

- (a) The invention of this move is claimed for Mr. Richardson, but we believe it was tried in England many years ago.
 (b) We should have preferred Kt takes K P, but the American authorities, we understand, prefer the move in the text.
 (c) We should have preferred B to K Kt 5.
 (d) This move savours of desperation, but Black's position demands strong measures.
 (e) A fatal error.
 (f) Better to play R to Q 4 and give up the exchange.

VALUE OF MERINO RAMS.—It is stated in Australian papers that a pure-bred Merino ram, owned by a Mr. Gibson, of Tasmania, and reared by him there, was sold in Melbourne a short time ago for the sum of 680 guineas. While the animal was in Mr. Gibson's possession the amount of money raised by the animal's male progeny alone was estimated at upwards of 5,000 guineas. Merino rams and their breeding of Merino sheep seem to be almost as profitable in Australia as gold-digging. We have heard of an English sow and her litter fetching 7,000 dollars in Japan, but that was when the mania for fancy pigs had seized the wealthy Daimios, just after they were recovering from their mania for cats and long-eared rabbits. But Merino rams in Australia are purchased by shrewd, careful colonists, who are not intent on gratifying passing whims, but on making money.

A curious incident took place the other evening at the Ménagerie Bidet, which is rapidly becoming a favourite lounge for Parisian d'sauvres. The serpents, which comprise several boas, were taking their "quarterly" meal—they only dine four times a year—and live rabbits and pigeons were being served and devoured in rapid succession. One of the boas had just taken a pretty pouter in his mouth, when the bird, happening to scratch the reptile's palate with its claws, was impatiently spat out, and profited by the respite to fly on to the upper bars of the cage. Loud cries of "Save the pigeon!" immediately rose among the audience, who followed with terrible anxiety the movements of the boa, who was preparing to recapture his prey. "Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed M. Bidet, "believe me my rôle of sacrificer is a very unpleasant one, but my serpents are not like wild beasts. Their food must be alive." "Never mind! Let the pigeon off!" "Take another!" shouted the excited spectators; and the keeper, eventually complied with their request, rescuing the trembling pouter, who was bought on the spot by a Russian lady for twenty francs.

Whist.

THE following is a simple hand which, however, illustrates the importance of not overtrumping in certain positions.

The players are supposed to sit round the table in the order given, A and B being partners against X and Z. The index (♣) denotes the leader, and the asterisk (*) the card that wins the trick. The hands are as follows:—

B's HAND.

Clubs —9, 8, 7, 6.
 Hearts —Queen, 10, 8, 6.
 Spades —King, Knave, 8.
 Diamonds—Ace, Queen.

X's HAND.

Clubs —Knave, 5.
 Hearts —Ace, 9, 5.
 Spades —Queen, 7, 6.
 Diamonds—Knave, 9, 8, 4, 2.

Z's HAND.

Clubs —Ace, 10, 4, 3.
 Hearts —7, 3, 2.
 Spades —Ace, 10, 9, 2.
 Diamonds—King, 6.

A's HAND.

Clubs —King, Queen, 2.
 Hearts —King, Knave, 4.
 Spades —5, 4, 3.
 Diamonds—10, 7, 5, 3.

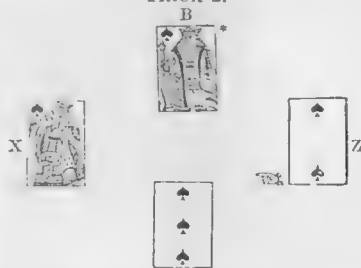
Z turns up the Three of Clubs. Score—three all.

TRICK 1.



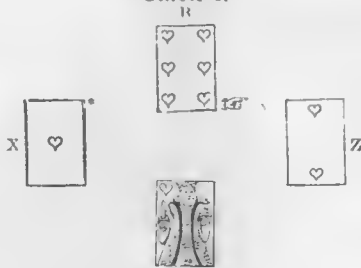
TRICK 1.—Won by Z. X Z, 1; A B, 0.

TRICK 2.



TRICK 2.—Won by B. X Z, 1; A B, 1.
 Z knows the Spade Knave to be against him.

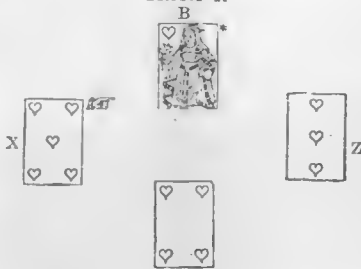
TRICK 3.



TRICK 3.—Won by X. X Z, 2; A B, 1.

With some trumps, the best Diamond, and the second best Spade guarded (the Knave), B prefers opening his four suit of Hearts to returning his partner's lead.

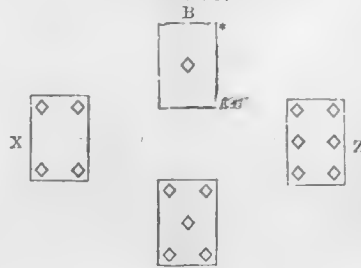
TRICK 4.



TRICK 4.—Won by B. X Z, 2; A B, 2.

X prefers returning a Heart through B, the original leader, instead of leading a Diamond up to A, who possibly may hold Ace, Ten of the suit.

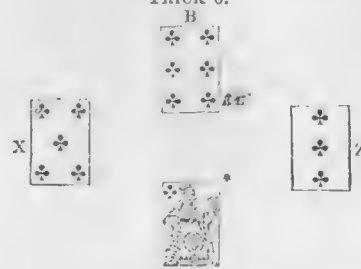
TRICK 5.



TRICK 5.—Won by B. X Z, 2; A B, 3.

B endeavours to clear his partner's suit before leading trumps.

TRICK 6.



TRICK 6.—Won by A. X Z, 2; A B, 4.

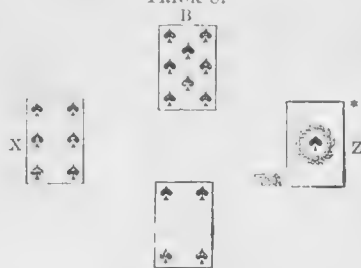
TRICK 7.



TRICK 7.—Won by Z. X Z, 3; A B, 4.

It is clear, from the fall of the cards in this hand, that A must hold the two of trumps and no other, it being the rule to return the higher of the two remaining from a suit of three. Z also knows that B must hold the nine and eight of trumps.

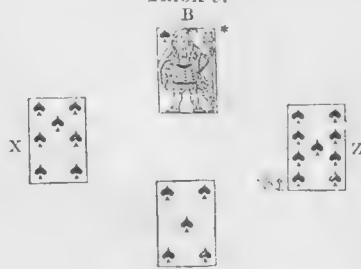
TRICK 8.



TRICK 8.—Won by Z. X Z, 4; A B, 4.

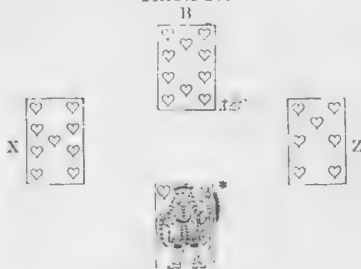
Z wisely refrains from drawing two trumps for one, as he knows the Spade Knave and, in all probability, the best Heart and Diamond are against him.

TRICK 9.



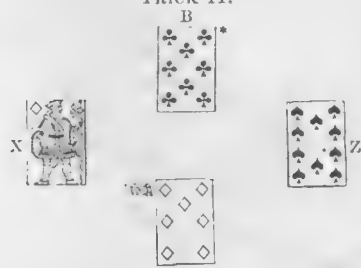
TRICK 9.—Won by B. X Z, 4; A B, 5.

TRICK 10.



TRICK 10.—Won by A. X Z, 4; A B, 6.

TRICK 11.



TRICK 11.—Won by B. X Z, 4; A B, 7.

This trick is very well played by Z. He knows A to have the two of trumps, and B to have the nine (see Trick 7), and that the best Diamond, the Ten, is for certain against him, and probably the thirteenth Heart. Under these circumstances, if he overtrumps B's Seven with the Ten, he must lose the two remaining tricks; but by discarding the last Spade at Trick 11 he wins both, and thus saves the game. On this point Cavendish, in his 10th edition, has the following pertinent remarks:—"There is one case in which it is *never right* to overtrump, viz., when three cards remain in each hand, and one player holds the second and third best trumps with one of which he trumps the card led. If the player to his left has the best and fourth best trumps, he can never gain anything by overtrumping, and may lose a trick. * * * This rule for overtrumping cannot be laid down absolutely when there are more than three cards in hand; but when only four trumps remain in, second and third best against best and fourth, it is so frequently advisable not to overtrump that the player should consider well the position of the remaining cards before overtrumping."

How POOLS ARE SOLD.—Pool selling is such a mystery to the outside barbarians who do not visit racecourses that a brief explanation may be interesting. To suppose a case, it may be said that five horses are to start in a race, named respectively "John," "Jack," "Jim," "Jock," and "Joe"—rather a J field, by the way. The pool seller offers the "first choice" for sale, and knocks it down to A.B., who takes "John" and pays 20 dols. for a card certifying that A.B. has paid that amount into his hands on "John." Practically A.B. has, therefore, bet 20 dols. that "John" will win the race. The pool seller then, let us say, sells "Jack" as "second choice" to C.D. for 10 dols., and gives to that gentleman a similar "card." Then the pool seller offers "the field" for sale; that is, he invites bets against the 30 dols. already in his pool box that either "Jim," "Jock," or "Joe" will win the race. Probably E.F. thinks he will "go it on the field," and he pays possibly 10 dols. for the card stating that he has risked that amount on his belief that some horse in the "field" will win the race. The 40 dols. paid in by A.B., C.D., and E.F., makes the "pool," and rests in the "pool box" until the race is decided. When the decision is arrived at, if "John" is the winner, A.B. gets 40 dols. for his 20 dols.; if "Jack" is the winner, C.D. gets 40 dols. for his 10 dols.; or if either of the "field" wins, E.F. gets 40 dols. for his 10 dols.; the "pool" being subject, however, to a discount of 1 dol., about one-half of which goes to the track owner, and the balance to the pool seller for his labour and trouble. The "pari-mutuel" pools are sold on a different plan from this, and have been in use in this country only a little more than a year. The pool seller has "tickets" on which are printed the names of the horses in the race and the word "field."—*New York Herald*.

THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS.

ALL our readers must know that the chase of the stag is the most ancient of our English sports; also that it was preserved as a prerogative of the Crown, or at all events in the time of the Conqueror it was in his hands. To have hunted deer, he must necessarily have had hounds, consequently the Royal Buckhounds must have been the first established pack in the Kingdom. Probably the first appointment of a Master of Buckhounds was made by William when he was settled; and we can fancy with what satisfaction the grim old tyrant handed over the golden couples, or their equivalent, to one of his sturdy warriors. It is only natural to surmise that Walter Tyrrel had the appointment under the Red King; and then for a time we do not hear much about them, although in Edward II.'s reign we read that William Twiel, or Twety, was grand huntsman. Edward III., however, had his Master of Foxhounds, who, if the accounts may be relied on, was very badly remunerated, and did the thing in a way which, in the present day, would be a disgrace to a scratch pack.

Bluff King Hal, if traditions are to be believed, was apt to dispense with the services of huntsmen and whips, preferring rather to take cross-bow in hand, and with the fair lady, Anne Boleyn, as his companion, to "strike a deer" on the quiet. Under the rule of his virgin and masculine daughter, the post of Master of the Buckhounds must have been a good one, although the virtuous old lady's style partook somewhat of poaching; and like shooters of the modern school, if appearances go for anything, she cared not how the bag was made, so that it was a good one.

Good King Jamie loved a fat buck, as much as his grandson did a fair lady; but both being generally impecunious, we can imagine their hunting appointments were not very well carried out by either of them; and the author of the "Counterblast" would have cut but a sorry figure in a run as realised with modern means and appliances. Dutch William was also a mighty hunter, and writing to Bentinck from Loo in October 1697, says, "Nous avons pris deux gros cerfs, le premier dans Dorewaert, qui est un des plus gros que je sache avoir jamais pris; il pointe seize;" and if he gave the second James, who, like all the Stuarts, was a true sportsman, plenty of time, while in exile, to worry the beasts of chase, instead of his subjects, he reaped poetical justice, as he was killed by a fall from his horse. Anne, we know, had predilections in favour of the art of venery, and delighted as much in a herd of five hundred strong as a modern Scotch laird would, who has a forest to let and half a dozen Manchester millionaires competing for it. During Anne's reign stag-hunting probably assumed something more of its present form; and under George I. the Royal Buckhounds, we apprehend, were established on their present footing; and from the authors of that period we learn that they still hunted wild deer in Windsor Forest. Of the precise date at which stall-fed deer took the place of wild ones, history does not tell us; but we know that Farmer George used this as a means of obtaining a gallop, though probably in his early days he hunted both turned-out and wild deer, and we know that towards the latter part of the last century the deer were driven from the forest into Windsor Great Park, very possibly to protect them from the poachers. The good old King, tradition says, was very cheery with those around him; delighted in a smart little fifteen-hand nag, and regarded pedigrees so lightly, and had such slight faith in dealers, that having once bought a horse, and being tendered a long written pedigree, he enquired what it was, and on being informed, made answer, "Oh, keep it, it will do equally well for the next you sell." He rode slowly, with about half a dozen yeomen prickers round him, to assist in case of accidents, two of them being armed with pistols, as his Sacred Majesty was near being robbed when going home late one night after a long run. On some occasions, it is recorded, he was not above accepting a lift in a farmer's or butcher's cart, when he was a long distance from home, and his horse was tired. We have never heard who acted as Master of the Buckhounds in those days; possibly the King dispensed with that post, and had the command himself; at all events during the time Sharpe was huntsman, it has been asserted he used oftentimes to ride over to the kennels to see his staghounds (which had been removed from Windsor Great Park, on account of the damp soil causing kennel lameness, to close to Ascot course), and he used always to say if Sharpe was at home, "the hounds were riotous, and that he had better go out and see to them," while he rested himself in the house. Tradition also affirms that Mrs. Sharpe was a fine, good-looking woman; but then the King, whose pigheadedness lost us America, was a most moral man, and it is easy to surmise that Sharpe was rather inattentive—as was the custom in those days—to his kennel duties; for the science of feeding and condition, which enables hounds to withstand the severe physical strain put upon them by the modern fast style of hunting, was then little appreciated or understood; and the good old King, for anything we know to the contrary, might have been far in advance of his age in his system of kennel.

Nous verrons. Sharpe's two daughters were well married, and their husbands amply provided for; one bestowing her hand on Charles Davis, of whom more anon; the other making happy the home of a man named Coker or Cokeham, who was made clerk of the royal stables.

Up to the year 1815 the pack had consisted of the old heavy staghounds, principally yellow and white in colour, fine noses, and deep, melodious voices. About that period, we believe at the instigation of the Prince Regent, who possibly considered them rather too slow, they were parted with, and a pack of foxhounds, which had gained some notoriety in Sussex, when the property of the Duke of Richmond, tenanted the kennels in their stead. We are not certain if Charles Davis succeeded Sharpe in carrying the horn; at all events it was not many years before he held the post of royal huntsman, and inaugurated such a succession of brilliant sport as had never before been witnessed. A man who would have made his mark in any situation, he was peculiarly fitted for the post he was called on to fill. With an address and manners which made his company acceptable at the tables of those moving in a far different sphere of life, he wielded over his field an influence and authority which largely conduced to the sport of all. He had received the technical training necessary to enable him to do justice to his hounds under his father, who hunted the King's harriers, and was pronounced one of the finest horsemen of his day—by some, perhaps, the finest, though in that we scarcely concur, as an absence of physical power made him weak in his saddle; and hence the cause of his riding almost all his horses in snaffles, as he was then able to make them afford him more support than he could have done with his fine hands in more severe bridle. This by no means prevented his holding a foremost place over the Vale; and we have seen him go wonderfully well on Hermit, on which horse he is painted in Grant's picture of "The Meet on Ascot Race-course."

Harry King was for years first whip, and when Davis from advancing age was scarcely equal to his arduous duties, may be said practically to have hunted the hounds. At length, Davis, who, we should say, had a most handsome testimonial presented to him,—felt he could no longer hold his post, and reluctantly sent in his resignation; this her Majesty graciously requested

him to reconsider, and for a short time the old man continued at the head of the pack he had brought to such perfection; until in 1866 Harry King, before mentioned, succeeded him as huntsman.

Harry King was a son of Charles King, huntsman to the Pytchley, under the management of Lord Calthorpe and the late Sir Charles Knightley, and was afterwards, for almost forty years, a tenant on the Althorpe estate. In 1828, Harry went into the Warwickshire kennels; he was afterwards with Mr. Drake, and five seasons in the Atherstone country under Mr. Applethwaite, before coming to Ascot. To say that after such a previous apprenticeship in these countries, and the years he was under Charles Davis—we believe we are stating a fact when we say about thirty years—that King was the right man in the right place, would be superfluous, nor was it his lot to fall on such pleasant times as those of his predecessor. The railroad had caused a sad change in the field to be found at Salt Hill or Maidenhead Thicket; and horse-dealers and hell-keepers now occupy the place of Lords Alvanley, Pembroke, and Gardnor, Count D'Orsay, the late Sir George Wombwell, and other notabilities, who hunted with these hounds in the brilliant days of Lords Chesterfield and Errol.

King was a fine horseman, and could always hold his own, let the field be as thrusting as they might. His best horses, we believe, were Pantaloon, by Hobbie Noble; and Antelope, an importation from the Emerald Isle; Canute, which Lord Cork bought from Sir Clifford Constable's stud; and Maida, a chestnut mare, were also favourites. King died in 1872, and was succeeded by Frank Goodall, who, as a young man, was with Lord Portsmouth when master of the Vine Hounds. He, however, became first known to fame when hunting the pack of Mr. Tailby, in High Leicestershire, where his dash and energy particularised him as a fit and proper person to handle the horn with the Royal Buckhounds. He has been rightly described in a contemporary this season as a man of iron nerve and silken hand; and a better horseman never joined in the procession up the straight mile on an Ascot Cup day. We fear his patience must at times be sorely tried when he sees his deer attempted to be ridden down, or worse still, coursed by greyhounds, he and his hounds being totally ignored. His present whips are Richard Edrupt, Henry Newson, and William Bartlett; Morris Hills (son of old Tom Hills), who was many years under Davis and King, having retired on a pension on the death of the latter. The office of Master of Buckhounds, it is known, changes with the Ministry; and it would only be tedious to our readers to enumerate them. We have spoken of Lord's Errol and Chesterfield as holding the post in the most brilliant era; so we may say that Lords Corville, Cork, and the present Master (Lord Hardwicke), have carried the couples under the greatest difficulties; while Lord Besborough was about at the turning point between the two extremes. We may add in conclusion that the Prince of Wales occasionally joins these hounds, and goes right well. The pack is 40 couple strong, in a great measure made up from drafts from other kennels, though they breed a few; and Vigorous and Woodman were both noted stud hounds a few years ago.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNÓX.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Ruddy is now the dawning as in June,
And clear and blue the vault of noon-tide sky;
Nor is the slanting orb of day unfelt,
From sunward rocks, the icicles faint drop
By lonely river-side is heard at times
To break the silence deep; for now the stream
Is mute, or faintly gurgles far below
Its frozen ceiling; silent stands the mill,
The wheel immovable, and shod with ice.
The babbling rivulet, at each little slope,
Flows scantily beneath a lucid veil,
And seems a pearly current liquified;
While, at the shelvy side, in thousand shapes
Fantastical, the frost work domes uprear
Their tiny fabrics."

The above lines from Graham's British Georgics describe a bright frosty day so happily, that I quote them; more especially as the author of them, comparatively speaking, is unknown, though many of his poems on rural subjects rank, I consider, with those of Thompson, Goldsmith, and Gray.

New Year's has come again! it is the happy medium between Christmas day, and Twelfth day, and, oh! what glorious days were these, and in some instances are these, with their charming accompaniments—the splendid sirloin, the magnificent turkey, the glorious plum pudding, the delicious mince pie. All the world is jubilant, singing the merry songs of the season, or revelling in the pleasant mysteries of the holly and misletoe trees. In days like these of heartfelt rejoicing, the best way of insuring unalloyed happiness is to bear in mind the wants and distresses of the poorer class, and as far as possible to relieve them. A zest of the highest possible order will be given to the New Year's feast, if he that partakes of it feels that many a humble cottager, many an orphaned child, many a pauper borne down by age and infirmity, are enjoying their humble New Year's dinners, the result of his bounty. How much more cheerful will the crackling log in the Squire's house appear, if he knows that an equally bright fire is warming the humble abode of the peasant; how joyful will the rich man feel when he remembers that through his liberality the inhabitants of yonder Union are enjoying their annual treat.

There can be no doubt that, owing to the modern march of intellect, Christmas has been shorn of many of its time-honoured sports and pastimes, and which were formerly the inseparable accompaniments of that happy and festive season. A clever writer thus laments their loss:—

"And yet, mine ancient crony, 'tis with pain
I mark some members absent from thy train,
Who, in good days of yore, were wont to swell it.
Where is Snapdragon? all extinguish'd—vanish'd!
Where mystic Mistletoe? unfairly banish'd
To grace the kitchen, and I live to tell it!
Where's Blindman's Buff? alas, this march of mind,
With all its boasted blessings, hath refined
Us out of half our former recreations!
Where is old Hunt the Slipper? with the snow
Which melted many, many years ago.
Where Forfeits paid (I hate alliterations)
In cunning Cupid's current coinage, kisses?
Dispatch'd to Coventry by modern misses!"

Skating has one advantage over other out-door amusements, it is within the compass of every man and boy; nay, ladies can even partake in it. Grant the skater health, and the ice strong enough to bear him, and he requires nothing more. The boy from the plough, the tiller of the soil, the humble mechanic, the poor apprentice may enjoy this pastime as well as the aristocratic peer, the ancient baronet, or the newly made knight. The lover of the "noble science" requires a stud of hunters; the shooter must invest a considerable sum in a breech-loader, ammunition, license, and fees to gamekeepers; moreover he must have covers of his own, or access to those of his friends; the fisherman cannot always obtain permission to throw his fly in some favourite trout stream; but the skater has only to purchase or hire by the hour a pair of skates, and to select the nearest frozen piece of water,

upon which he may show off to advantage the most elegant figures—the outside stroke, the spread eagle, the figure eight, the flying Mercury. As under my title, "Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman," I do not limit myself to British field sports, we will refer to the amusements of bygone days:—

It was not until the Christmas of 1764 that the time immemorial custom of playing at Hazard at Court on Twelfth Night was by the King's orders, for the first time discontinued. This ruinous game, it seems, used formerly to be played indiscriminately throughout the palace, large sums having been lost or won, either by, or else in the presence of the Sovereign; for I find a letter, dated January 9th, 1663, addressed to the Earl of Strafford, which runs as follows:—"I had almost forgot to tell your lordship that on the dicing night (Twelfth Night) the King (Charles I.) carried away in James Palmer's hat £1,850. The Queen was his half and brought him that luck. She shared presently £900. Card playing was in the first instance substituted for the dice box; but the evil of high play was found to continue, notwithstanding the change of pastime; and accordingly, some years later, George III, then in his 26th year, issued an order that for the future no gaming whatever under any circumstance be allowed in the royal palaces.

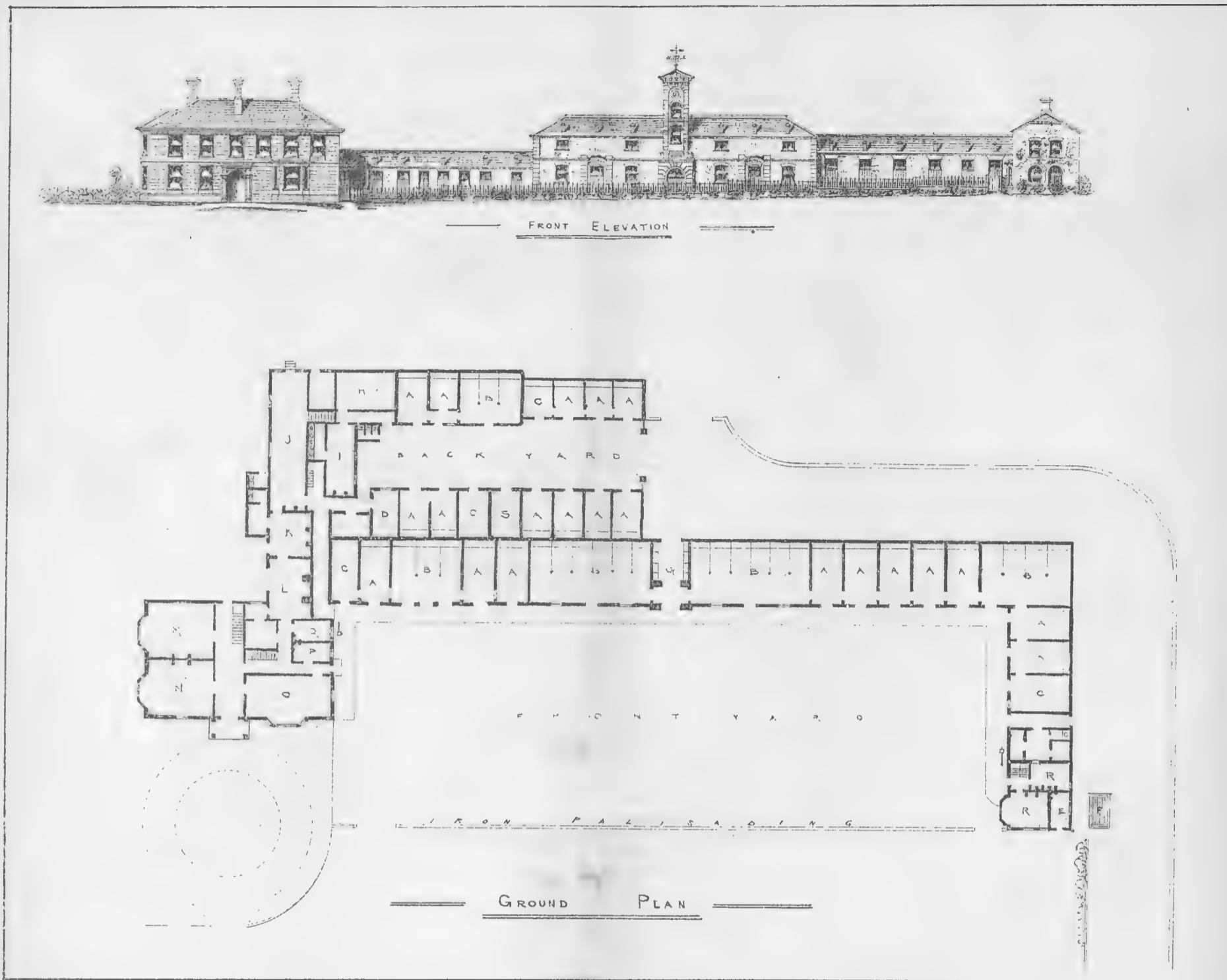
Pepys writes as follows:—"Dec. 31, 1662.—Mr. Povy and I went to Whitehall; he taking me thither on purpose to carry me into the ball this night before the king. He brought me first to the Duke's Chamber, where I saw him and the Duchesse at supper; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and by comes the King and Queene, the Duke and Duchesse, and all the great ones; and after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchesse of York and the Duke the Duchesse of Buckingham, the Duke of Monmouth my Lady Castlemaine, and so other lords other ladies; and they danced the Braille"—a dance thus described in the "Dictionnaire de l'Académie":—"Braule, Espèce de danse de plusieurs personnes, qui se tiennent par la main, et qui se menent tour-à-tour." "After that the King led a lady a single Coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies; very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country dances; the King leading the first, which he called for; which was," says he, "'Cuckholds all awry,' the old dance of England. The manner was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room and the Queene herself stand up; and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York." In November, 1666, Pepys describes another Court ball, which, he says, "broke up above twelve at night."

Here I am reminded that the "Merry Monarch" was a yacht owner. His majesty had given orders for building a yacht, which he named *The Rubbs*, in honour of the Duchess of Portsmouth, who was in her person full and plump. Soon after the vessel was launched, the king made a party, including the Duke of York, to sail in this yacht down the river and round the Kentish coast; and to keep up the mirth and good humour of the party, Mr. Gosling, one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, was requested to be of the party. They had not gone as low as the North Foreland, when a violent storm arose, during which the king, the Duke of York, Mr. Gosling, and the rest of the company were necessitated, in order to save the vessel, to haul the sails and work like ordinary seamen. By great providence they escaped safe to land; but the horror of the scene and the distress they were in, made such an impression upon the mind of Mr. Gosling which was never effaced. Struck with a just sense of the deliverance from what he had lately viewed, upon his return to London, he selected from the Psalms those words which declare the wonders and terrors of the deep, and gave them to Purcell to compose as an anthem; which he did, adapting it peculiarly to the compas of Mr. Gosling's voice. The king did not live to hear it. S. Webbe made the yachting anecdote I have referred to, the subject of a beautiful glee, "When winds breathe soft," which is as popular now as when it was first arranged. To resume:—

It seldom happens in this country that the frost continues long enough to enable those who find amusement on the ice, either in skating, sledging, or curling, to carry on that amusement for any length of time, and therefore there are comparatively speaking few first rate skaters. The rinks, however, at Prince's cricket grounds in Hans Place, have, by art, in a great measure done what nature has refused to do, and hundreds of skaters of both sexes may daily be seen there gliding gracefully over the imitative ice. In Scotland frosts are of longer duration, and Duddestone Lake, near Edinburgh, is often frozen over for weeks. It is true that we have had some very severe frosts, and a brief record of them may not be out of place. The only one I remember was in the winter of 1813-14, when the Thames was frozen over, and when as a Westminster boy, I with some "cronies" very nearly were discovered out of bounds by the then headmaster, Dr. Cary. Whether this kind hearted *dominie* would have made an exception in favour of us, I know not, yet I am almost inclined to think he would, for the frozen river had never been included in that part of London considered "out of bounds." To return, however, to more bygone days, I find that in 1715-16 the Thames was frozen over, and among other things the following advertisement appeared:—"This is to give notice to gentlemen and others that pass upon the Thames during this frost, that over against Whitehall stairs, they may have their names printed, fit to paste in any book, to hand down the memory of the season to future ages." *Darce's News Letter* of the 14th of January, says, "The Thames seems now a solid block of ice, and booths for the sale of brandy, wine, ale, and other exhilarating liquors, have been for some time fixed thereon. On Thursday a great cook's shop was erected." Coaches, waggons, carts, &c., were driven on it. This with other pastimes and diversions, attracted the attention of many of the nobility, and even brought the Prince of Wales to visit Frost Fair. The *News Letter* of February 15th announced the dissolution of the ice. In 1739 there was another memorable frost, which began on the 24th of December, and continued nine weeks. In 1788 a frost began on the 25th of November and lasted seven weeks. The most severe cold that had ever been felt in this country was on Christmas Day, 1796. A curious record of an accident, occasioned by the downfall of ice, is to be found as an epitaph, on the son of the then parish clerk, at Bampton in Devonshire, who was killed by an icicle falling upon, and fracturing his skull:—

"In memory of the Clerk's son.
Bless my I. I. I. I. I.
Here he lies
In a sad pickle
Killed by Icele
In the year Anno Domini 1776."

AN AMERICAN TEAM.—The *Clipper* says:—"Mr. Reed, of San Francisco, has purchased of Dr. Blackburn, of Louisville, Ky., his magnificent four-in-hand team, Astronomer, Stargazer, Comet, and Blazing Star—said to be the finest in America—for a large sum. The four horses are brothers, and strikingly alike in appearance, style, and action. An offer made for them by General Richard Taylor, of Louisiana, on the part of himself and several American gentlemen, as a present to the Prince of Wales, from whom they had received many attentions during a trip to Europe, had been refused.



ELEVATION AND GROUND PLAN OF THE NEW BEDFORD LODGE STABLES AT NEWMARKET

BEDFORD LODGE STABLES.

This training establishment is situated at the east end of the town of Newmarket, in the grounds formerly belonging to the Duke of Bedford, from whom a portion was purchased by Sir W. Booth, who had a small house and a few stables erected, and then resold the property to the present owner, Mr. Joseph Dawson.

In the original design, it was intended that the stabling in the front only should be built; but it was soon found that, under Mr. Dawson's management, these would not be sufficient for the numerous patrons of the stables, and consequently an additional number of standings have been put up in what is termed the back-yard. In all, there is now stabling for 21 horses in boxes, and 22 in stalls. In addition to these, there are numerous hovels for racehorses in the various paddocks attached to the property.

The stables for hacks and houses for carriages, with grooms' cottages adjoining, are placed at the extreme boundary of the property; and on the farm land opposite there are buildings for cart-horses, cattle, cows, and pigs, together with slaughter-house and other premises.

The residence is at the south end of the front-yard, and the head lad's cottage is at the northern end.

The whole forms one of the most complete establishments of its kind in the kingdom.

All the works have been carried out under the superintendence of Messrs. Clark and Holland, architects.

REFERENCES TO PLAN.

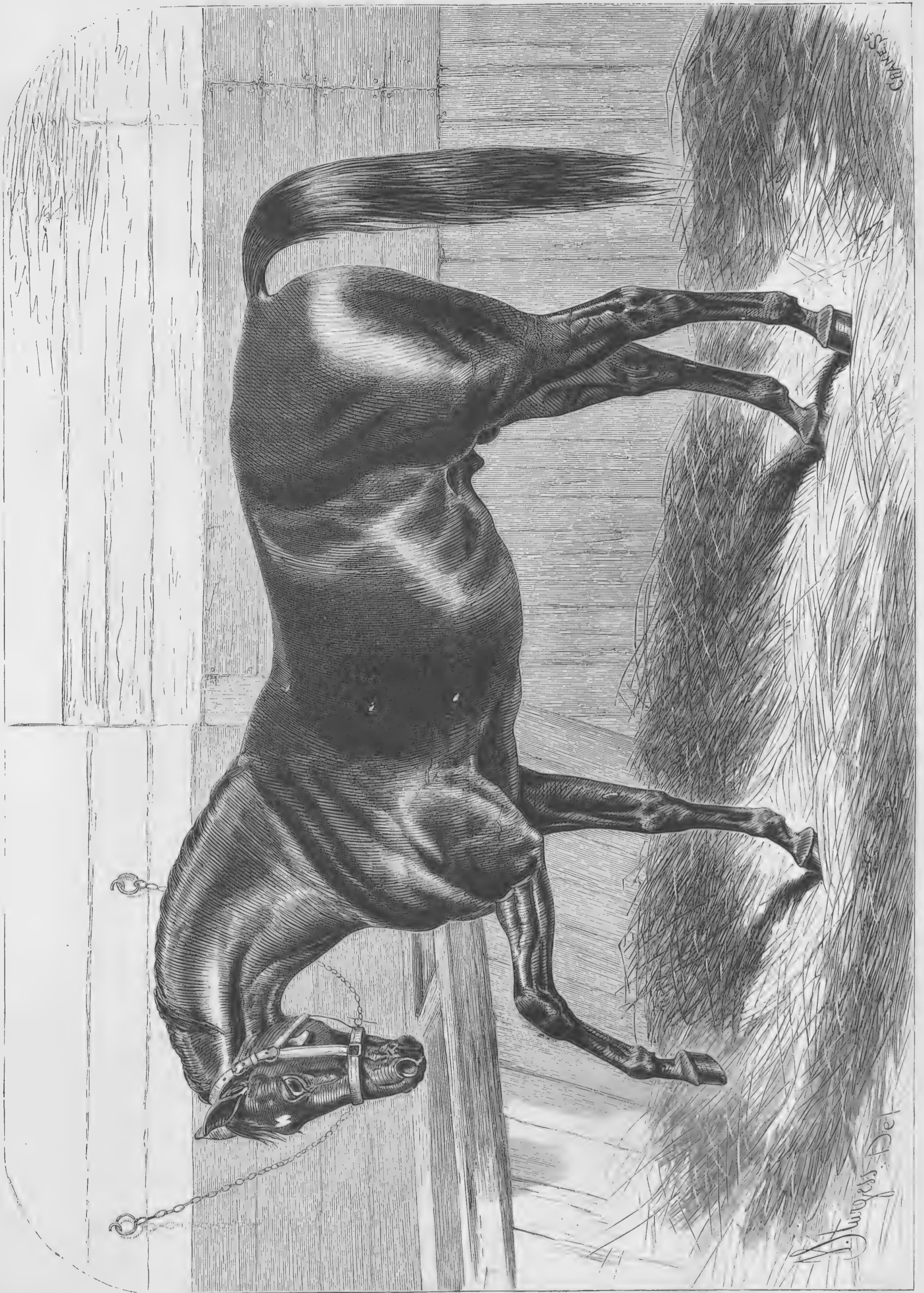
A A A Loose boxes.	J Dining-hall.
B B B Stalls.	K Scullery.
C C Saddle-rooms.	L Kitchen.
D Waiting-room.	M Drawing-room.
E Weigh-office.	N Dining-room.
F Weigh-bridge.	O Breakfast-room.
G Passage, and corn and straw shoots.	P Private office.
H Lads' box-room.	Q Housekeeper's room.
I Lads' day-room.	R R Head lad's rooms.
	S Forge and smith's shop.

"A NURSING OF THE STORM."—A man, dressed in sailor costume, was up in our criminal court the other day, upon a charge of stealing a pair of boots. As he had no counsel the court appointed a young lawyer to take charge of his defence. The lawyer opened the case with a speech, in which he alluded to his client as "a child of the sad sea waves, a nursing of the storm, whom the pitiless billows had cast a forlorn, odd, friendless waif upon the shores of time, after a life spent in fierce and heroic contest with raging elements." Then the defendant was put upon the stand, and the fact was revealed that he was a cook upon a Snyder County canal boat, previous to which he had peddled clams in Wilmington. The nursing of the storm is now in gaol for 60 days.—*Danbury News.*

A CORRESPONDENT, in sending us the following paragraph, cut from a Melbourne paper, says, "The statistics are startling. The racecourse is at Flemington, about fifteen minutes rail from Melbourne. On it is a new Grand Stand, just finished, one of the handsomest and most convenient in the world; while the lawn and saddling inclosure is certainly unsurpassed in England." The paragraph is as follows:—"Melbourne celebrates its great holiday to-day, and does so spontaneously. There is no need of a statute regulation or of a Mayor's proclamation to induce the citizens to observe Cup-day. 'So many men, so many minds,' may be the rule on other occasions, but about putting up the shutters after 12 o'clock on this occasion there is no difference of opinion at all. As to domestic tradesmen, the idea of their executing an order upon Cup-day never enters into the head of the householder, who, if he is a philosopher, and declines to face the turmoil himself, may speculate upon the mysterious affinity that has existed for all ages, between butchers and the turf. There is nothing like the holiday outside of Melbourne. Beside it, the much-talked-of English Derby pales its ineffectual fires as a national event. Incredible as the statement at first sight appears, it is a fact that sixty thousand people will be at Flemington if the day be fine, or one in six of the entire adult population of the colony. If the Derby was attended in proportion, the concourse at Epsom would number two millions and a half, whereas it does not exceed a hundred thousand. Hence the day and its doings can never be overlooked by anyone who wishes to understand the Victorian colonist considered as a social animal, and to realise the difference change of climate and change of fortune are making in him. Tolerably well off, and under a sunny instead of a foggy sky, the race is, without doubt, developing immense capacities for enjoyment. That a love of gambling and nothing else takes the vast multitude down to Flemington is incredible. It would be folly to believe, without the clearest evidence, that a vice which the law is doing all it can to repress had so far eaten into the core of society, besides which it is not necessary to go to Flemington to bet. Books can be made, and money can be lost and won, with the utmost ease and the greatest profusion without leaving Bourke Street. The *genus loci* induces ladies to hazard gloves, and the men to 'back their fancy' if they are supposed to be knowing, or to put into 'sweeps' if they have no pretensions to be in the confidence of a stable, but these are mere passing tributes to the spirit of the scene. The ring and its satellites are very much of a little world to themselves; and of the mass of the people it may be said with perfect truth that they go for pleasure, they go for excitement, they go to show off, and they go to dress, and they go because it is the thing to go, but so far they are outside the betting vortex."

DESPERATE END OF A DESPERATE LIFE.—The death of "an heroic Englishman" in California is reported by the *San Francisco Call*. On the morning of the 26th ult. Major George E. Ferrend,

a well-known citizen of San Francisco, and famous everywhere on the Pacific coast, shot himself in the head, and thus put an end to an eventful career. Major Ferrend was born in Lancashire, and was educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. He entered the Army, but owing to trouble of some kind sold out. He then went to Buenos Ayres, where he was the leading spirit in a revolution which was successful, but was subsequently driven out of the country, and came to California. In June, 1853, he left Sacramento with a company he had raised, and joined General Walker in his Nicaragua expedition. With Walker, whose chief of artillery he was, he performed prodigies of valour, particularly distinguishing himself at the battle of Rivas, where at times he was a host in himself, loading and firing a gun which sent scores of the enemy to the ground at each discharge. During the Nicaragua campaign he was wounded 13 times, but these wounds were but a few of many others, for on his body there were 48 scars of wounds received in battles and personal conflicts at various times. He had especially one terrible personal encounter in Camptonville, California, about the year 1858 with a man of desperate character, during which he received a most serious wound with an axe. He had previously had some trouble with this man, and it was understood that when they again met they should "meet fighting." The desperado shortly after came into a saloon, armed with an axe, where he saw the major pleasantly sitting in his shirt-sleeves with a large knife in his hand. As the desperado advanced, the major rose and stood warily watching his foe and perfectly motionless, save that he constantly turned the wrist of the hand that held the knife, so that the weapon disagreeably flashed in the eyes of his opponent. All of a sudden, as the desperado's eye was fixed on the knife, the major sprang forward with the leap of a tiger, and drove the knife not only through the heart but through the whole body of his foe, the point projecting at his back. At the same moment the blade of the axe was buried in the small of the major's back. Both men fell on the floor together. The desperado was dead, but the major, contrary to expectation, recovered, and was as ready as ever for fresh exploits and adventures. His numerous deeds of daring would fill a volume. He ultimately settled in San Francisco, where he accumulated a considerable amount of property. After shooting himself in the head he lingered for a few hours, and assigned as a reason for the act he had committed that he feared he would ultimately become insane owing to one of the many wounds he had received which affected his head. The major was proprietor of a well-known saloon bearing his name, he was much esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and his death has greatly shocked the whole community of San Francisco. The only wish he expressed in his last moments was that "he might die a man." He need hardly have troubled himself on this score, for, whatever may have been his errors, there was certainly nothing feminine in his nature.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*



“ROSICRUCIAN.”

Our Captious Critic.



THE biography of William Holland, Esquire, published in this column, last week, was so exceedingly popular that I have determined to discontinue the proposed biographical series. It would be too good value for the money. Besides I have had a variety of communications from the "d-d good natured friends" of certain other managerial magnates requesting me in the most plaintive manner to go on with my disclosures, and absolutely placing at my disposal a cheerful collection of facts concerning the birth, parentage, and career of various individuals now holding places at the top of their profession. One energetic theatrical despot was originally, I am informed, a milkman. And that even at



that he sold extremely bad milk. A second is an unconvicted forger. A third was a photographer's tout. A fourth had something to do with stables. And a fifth ran away with somebody's wife. This pleasing accumulation of intelligence I reserve for my own private perusal and personal edification. But I have not the slightest inclination to gratify the small animosities of my correspondents. When circumstances come to my knowledge, making it quite evident that a licence has been granted to an individual in every way unworthy of that privilege I shall not hesitate—supposing my proofs to be complete—to point out what I conceive to be an official error. Captiousness does not necessarily imply ill-will. I am free from the latter feeling. As to the antecedents of the gentlemen supplied to me by obliging, though anonymous scribes, I can assure them that I have not the slightest intention of using them, and that I have the most holy contempt for them, and the most wholesome hatred of their malice.

It is clearly essential, however, to say something. And that something shall be a word or two about current dramatic criticism. The question has been raised by the *World*. That admirable weekly, however, is more at home in dealing with West-end Usurers and Insolvent Life Offices, than in settling questions of art criticism, and accordingly the question has been but meagrely discussed there. Indeed I cannot help thinking that the editor of the *World* has been rendered a little boastful by the undoubted success of his organ in detecting commercial frauds, and in characterising professional swindlers. The "Apologia" published with the first number of the new volume, in alluding to the dramatic department of the paper, is a trifle too self-congratulatory. I can assure the editor that it was *not* the *World* that caused the recent outburst of virtuous indignation on the part of the press, and the recent flutter of excitement in theatrical circles. These results were brought about by an article that appeared in a weekly paper established before the *World* was thought of, and on the model of which the *World* is admittedly framed. I do not mean admittedly by the staff and proprietary of the *World*. I mean admittedly by those members of the public who are acquainted with the character of both the organs to which I have alluded.

The fact, however, that the *World* over-estimates the value of its efforts in one direction is no reason why it should not have a say in reference to dramatic criticism. Nor is the fact that I am guilty of recording my impressions in this column any reason why I also may not record an opinion or two. I wish it to be clearly understood that I have no intention of criticising the

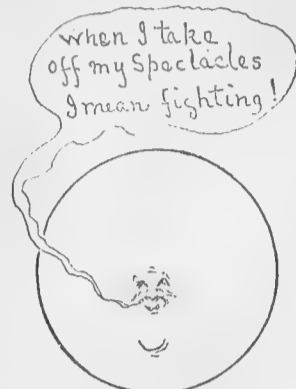
critics. I have no reason to do so. With the exception of one or two of the people's organs, published at one penny per week, the press is represented at the theatres by scholars and gentlemen. For these persons I have the greatest possible respect and admiration. Nor are these sentiments interfered with by any desire to emulate. My duty to my readers is performed when I have told them how I liked certain works, or how I didn't like certain others. There are no nice discussions here. Although I think that notwithstanding an occasional approach to levity there will be discovered a certain deposit of truth, which, when put in the balance, may turn out to be as considerable as that underlying more serious utterances. Indeed I am inclined to agree with Mr. George Henry Lewes when he informs us that dramatic art, in any true sense of the word, has long ceased to exist amongst us. If that be the case it is clearly not a dignified position that a gentleman assumes when he sits down to criticise in current critical phrase a drama of Mr. Burnand or even of Mr. Gilbert. The fault of criticism at present is its tone. It deals with trifles in language suited only for important works. Phrases which would be deemed somewhat out of place if applied to Shakespeare, are freely bestowed upon Master Paul Merritt. A good deal of nonsense will thus naturally be talked in any discussion arising on this exceedingly immaterial point—dramatic criticism. It was not to be imagined for one moment that any discussion of the kind should take place without giving to Mr. W. S. Gilbert a favourable opportunity for emitting a few remarks. Mr. Gilbert indeed imagines the whole question to be one of vital interest. Having his pen in hand also he does not fail to deliver himself about other matters intimately or remotely connected with the one in question. Thus we are informed—a fact quite unknown to us—that in Paris there is more trouble taken over the rehearsal of a play than in London. We also get a list of London theatres at which the companies understand their business. And this list, strange to say, contains only the names of houses at which plays of Mr. Gilbert have been produced. On the question of criticism, however, the author of that flavourless imitation of Thackeray—the "Bab Ballads" is very great indeed. He lays it down in his characteristically dogmatic way, that the reason why critics are unreliable is that they do not know how to distinguish between a good play badly acted, and a bad play well acted. This epigram may afford to its author a considerable amount of consolation. Having written it, he puts forward certain lucubrations which have appeared in *Fun* and the *Illustrated Times* as being the only valuable specimens of dramatic criticism given since Hazlitt visited the theatres. The further consolation to be derived from it is this: a reflection that all Mr. Gilbert's numerous failures have been good plays badly acted. I wonder whether he is also prepared to admit that his one or two successes were bad plays well supported. Mr. Gilbert in this letter of his to the *World* shows himself to be by no means so weighty an authority as some people imagine.



The fact of the matter is this, about criticism. Those who have confided to them the duty of attending theatres are much more capable of performing their business than the individuals producing the dramas which they are supposed to criticise. The insinuation thrown out by a writer in the *World*, that they are under managerial influence, and can be bought by drink, or dinners, or gifts, is an insinuation which could only be made by a rank outsider, utterly unacquainted with the character of the gentlemen about whom he is talking. My own opinion (given in other words throughout the course of these few desultory remarks), is that the criticism to be found in the dramatic columns of our daily papers has the rare fault of being too good. When, if ever, dramatic literature is re-established in London, you will find persons competent to discover its beauties, and to give intelligible and forcible expression to their opinions. The demand for such critics manifestly does not yet exist.

There is another little matter about which I wish to say a word. I am informed that the Lord Chamberlain has come to the determination to grant no license to any manager employing the valuable services of Mr. Richard Mansell. And I am given to understand that a notice to this effect has been forwarded to the lessees of all the theatres over which his lordship exercises a control. I exceedingly regret that his lordship should have taken such a course. Not because (as one paper alleges) "Mr. Richard Mansell has been for years honourably connected with theatrical enterprise." But because his lordship's action seems to be the result of accidental disclosures, and not of diligent and consecu-

tive studies made by himself. He has acted from a fear of public pressure rather than from his own opinion, founded on facts gathered by himself or his underlings. Believing, as I do, that Mr. Mansell has been somewhat harshly dealt with, I regret to see a paragraph in a weekly paper which is calculated to deprive that gentleman of any chance that he might hitherto have had of regaining his position. The paper I allude to is the *Weekly Dispatch*. The column in which the paragraph occurs, is entitled "Waifs and Strays." To use the expression of Selim in *Blue Beard*—"They're the strayest strays that ever you did see." The whole thing is extremely cruel. It is in this paragraph that the writer, with a bitter irony, alludes to Mr. Mansell's "honourable" connection with "theatrical enterprise." He calls the Lord Chamberlain an "irresponsible functionary," being probably afraid to venture on any of his characteristic scurrility. And he ends by declaring (I have no doubt he struck an attitude after he had written the words) that the "public can, and do demand an explanation." What right, I ask, has any



person connected with the *Dispatch* to place himself forward and speak for the public touching the matter in question? In the recent action which has resulted in Mr. Mansell's severance from that "theatrical enterprise" with which for years he had been "honourably connected," what was the attitude of the *Weekly Dispatch* with respect to the public on behalf of which it has now the audacity to address an irresponsible functionary? The public by its representatives—a special jury—decided that a certain dance was indecent, which representatives of that organ swore solemnly was *not* indecent. The verdict of the jury has since been ratified by articles in every respectable newspaper throughout the kingdom, and by sentiments expressed in every assemblage of gentlemen discussing the question. No recognised organ, save the *Weekly Dispatch*, permitted members of its staff to speak on behalf of the defendant in *Fairlie v. Blenkinsop*. The gentlemen no doubt gave their evidence sincerely. I believe that neither of them *did* see any indecency in *Vert-Vert*. But then men's moral perceptions differ in acuteness. The Lord Chamberlain who went into the box a few moments after these dramatic critics left, declared on his oath that the exhibition was purposely and studiously indecent. The public has applauded his lordship's deliverance. Notwithstanding this, the *Weekly Dispatch* places itself in the absurd position of appealing on behalf of the public against an official act of the Lord Chamberlain.

THE POT CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK.—The following appeared in *The Irish Sportsman and Farmer* last Saturday. "A 'valuable citizen.'—*The Irish Times*—not, of course, 'kidding'—last week called the 'Sporting Correspondent' of the *Freeman's Journal* 'a Citizen whose opinions upon Turf matters are of value.' Verily they are, and verily our satirical friend in *The Irish Times* should have included 'the Leash' with the Turf, particularly as the 'Citizen' has this year given up making public Greyhounds to run 'by the scent,'—for which we had gently to remonstrate—a few weeks before *The Irish Times* penned this delicate compliment to its contemporary's 'Sporting Correspondent' this self-same 'Citizen' had been quieting public apprehensions about Lancel by stating, with much solemnity, that the 'colt' (!!) was quite 'fit and well' !!! Now, if the 'colt' had been located anywhere else in all broad Ireland except at our good friend Tom Ryan's, to the vicinity of which, viz., 'the Dublin Cattle Market,' the 'Valuable Citizen' is supposed to go, and we hope and believe does go, every week, on 'Dublin Corporation' business, the 'colt' affair might have been tolerated; but surely before this startling announcement was made this 'Sporting Correspondent' and—we certainly for 'the nonce' agree with *The Irish Times*—this 'Valuable Citizen' might and should have taken the trouble to discover whether Lancel was a 'colt' or a 'filly'!" According to both English and Irish calendars, Lancel is a chestnut gelding, aged, formerly called Blue Pill, by Baldwin out of Alfred's dam, and is therefore neither a colt nor a filly.

A SCENE ON AN AMERICAN RACECOURSE.—An unpleasant scene occurred after a horse race at Albany, in Georgia, United States, on the 12th ult. between two gentlemen named Mayo and Bush. Mr. Mayo was of opinion that the race had not been conducted fairly, and expressed his opinion accordingly to Mr. Bush. That gentleman, however, differed from Mr. Mayo, who, in being contradicted, accused Mr. Bush of not speaking the truth. Mr. Bush returned the compliment. Mr. Mayo immediately drew a pistol. Mr. Bush reminded Mr. Mayo that he (Mr. Bush) was not armed. Mr. Mayo, under these circumstances, kindly consented not to shoot Mr. Bush, who, touched by this act of courtesy, immediately hurried off for a pistol, and on returning with the weapon, informed Mr. Mayo that he was "ready." Indeed, such was Mr. Bush's readiness that he at once discharged his pistol at Mr. Mayo before that gentleman had time to draw his own, and then prudently retiring behind a post fired again. Mr. Mayo lost no time in returning the fire, at the same time begging Mr. Bush to come out from behind the post and "act like a man." Mr. Bush, however, declined to emerge from his retreat, and fired altogether five shots at Mr. Mayo, receiving only four in return. At the close of the shooting Mr. Mayo was dangerously wounded, and so likewise was "a disinterested party" named Roberts, who was most clumsily shot by Mr. Bush. By latest accounts there was very little hope of Mr. Mayo's recovery, and the death of "the disinterested party" was momentarily expected. Mr. Bush himself was uninjured.

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (WM. HOGG, Proprietor).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheon always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[ADVT.]

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—To be had of chemists, 2s. 6d. per box, eight powders. These powders will be found the best remedy for horses' coughs, colds, sore throats, influenza, &c., and, as they are given in a bran mash, will be found the best means of giving medicines and obviate the danger of choking, so liable in giving a ball when horses are suffering from sore throat, &c.—[ADVT.]

WAIFS' FROM THE SEA.

THE painful impression produced upon the mind of the public, by the loss of the steamship *La Plata*, in the Bay of Biscay, has hardly yet ventured to think had time to fade, and in view of the interest which has been evinced in the remarkable rescue of the two seamen, Lamont and Hooper, after four days exposure on a broken raft, and their thrilling account of their sufferings which has already been published, we propose to give the portraits of these men at an early date. Meanwhile, we beg to recommend to the notice of our readers, the following letter which has appeared in the columns of *The Times*:-

"SIR,—I take the liberty of writing to you to ask you if you would be kind enough to spare space in *The Times* to mention the matter of Lamont and Hooper, the survivors of the *La Plata*, who up to the present time have suffered, and are still suffering, the most excruciating agony. The doctor who is attending them says that it will be months before they possibly can do anything for themselves. Being a very old friend of Mr. Lamont, I have been attending them since their arrival in London, so I can certify to it; and, as there has not been any appeal made in the papers for them, I take the liberty of asking you to use your influence in this matter for them. Trusting that you will excuse my intruding on you,—I remain, yours,

"BARNEY BENNETT.

"13, Cottage Road, Westbourne Square, W., January 8."

Those who have not seen as we have, the sufferings of these unfortunate men since their arrival in England, and do not know as we do that for many months to come they must be altogether incapacitated from doing anything to earn a living, if, indeed, they are ever perfectly restored to health, only need we are sure, one word to remind them of the duty which we all owe to these "Waifs from the Sea," and to hope that their contributions will flow in freely and liberally.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK, &c., AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE annual letting of the sires belonging to the Glasgow Stud took place at Albert-gate on Monday, but attracted very few breeders, and the ceremony was a failure compared with the success which attended the inauguration of the system a few years back. Only a nameless couple of the half dozen that comprised the Glasgow Stud lot found hirers at small sums; whilst Make Haste, who is descended from the same stock, but the property of Mr. Payne, realised more than double the sum paid for the other two. Make Haste and the Roan Horse by Brother to Bird on the Wing out of Rapid Rhone's dam were hired by Mr. Graham, of Caversham, near Reading, who also bought Islam (a half brother to Rustic and Countryman), one of those disappointing horses that always fail to bring off the great *coups* they are supposed to be capable of. The Tom Bowline horse goes into Lincolnshire for the season. There was not a bid for General Peel, who has turned out as great a failure at the stud as many more celebrities on the Turf before him; nor did Brother to Rapid Rhone, Outfit, Cleveland, or the big, coarse Alexander appear to take the fancy of breeders, in spite of their fine size and bone. An offer of £125 was made for the handsome Rupert, another of Lord Glasgow's breed, the property of the Earl of Strathford, upon whom there was a reserve of 150 guineas. A few miscellaneous lots of blood stock were put up, including Onslow, Ivanhoe, Thunderstorm, and the Warrior, but only the last named pair changed hands, Mr. Tattersall giving 20 guineas for the gallant old grey, with the chief object of indulging him with a quiet home at his new stud farm, Highfield Hall, near St. Albans. Amongst the few lots of hunters offered for sale those belonging to Mr. H. Wormald, a well-known Yorkshire gentleman who has been hunting from Rugby this season, created most attention; and when the hammer fell to Sir George Chetwynd's bid of 260 guineas for Newton, a well-known authority, who has ridden all the lot, described him as "the best hunter in the Midland counties." A better looking horse has not been seen at Tattersall's for many a day.

THE GLASGOW STUD STALLIONS.		Gs.
Roan horse, by Brother to Bird on the Wing—Rapid Rhone's dam	Mr. Graham	80
Brown horse, by Tom Bowline, dam by Melbourne—Miss Whip	Mr. Vickell	60
THE PROPERTY OF MR. PAYNE.		
MAKE HASTE, by Tom Bowline—Makeshift, by Voltigeur, Mr. Graham		180
MISCELLANEOUS LOTS.		
ISLAM (1866), by Musjid—Village Lass, by Pyrrhus the First	Mr. Graham	50
EXPLOSION, by Crater, dam by Wild Dayrell—Venture à Terre, 4 yrs	Mr. G. Williams	29
THUNDERSTORM, by Thunderbolt—Water Lily, by Lord of the Isles, 8 yrs	Mr. Miller	25
THE WARRIOR, by King Tom—Wood Nymph, by Longbow, 14 yrs	Mr. Tattersall	20
MR. H. WORMALD'S HUNTERS.		
WARWICK	72 YORK	200
GLOSTER	150 NEWTON	260
VAN GALEN	135 PATCH	79
THE MILLER	73	

SALES BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL.—We notice that on Monday next the well-known thorough-bred animals, Dean of Westminster, King Cole (brother to King Lud), Mustapha and Dunois are amongst the various lots that will be put up for sale by auction.

RACING PRIZES IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM IN 1874.—The prizes gained by French breeders during 1874 in France and Belgium have been considerable. Amount has won prizes to the amount of 187,412fr. (£7,500 nearly); Edmond Fould, 154,975fr. (£6,199); Fridolin, 136,587fr. (£5,463); Juigné, 129,250fr. (£5,170); Nexon, 109,712fr. (£4,388); Delatre, 72,850fr. (£2,914). Mr. Marshall, the owner of Trent, the English horse which won the Grand Prix of Paris, received for this single race 138,775fr. (£5,551). The English owner who won the most in England was Lord Falmouth, who won £15,000. M. J. Lefevre, a French owner, won in England, £14,624. These amounts are wholly exclusive of any bets on the horses.

THE FOOD AND FUEL REFORM ASSOCIATION.—On Saturday last a dinner was given by this Association, at which about twenty gentlemen were present, and which was presided over by Dr. Hardwicke, the Coroner for Middlesex, supported by Professor Caulfield, for the purpose of testing the efficiency of the new cooking-stove invented by Mrs. Lewis, and which is being sold under the auspices of the Association itself. The dinner took place on the premises of the *Food and Fuel Reformer*, at No. 420, Strand, and consisted of an elaborate bill of fare, to which full justice was done by all present. After the cloth was drawn, numerous speeches were made, and Mrs. Lewis herself gave an exhaustive description both of the stove and of her new system of economic cookery. There can be no doubt but that the principles of the Association, whose organ is the *Food and Fuel Reformer*, will become, as they deserve, widely known and adopted. Meanwhile the dinner to which we refer, regarded simply as an experimental affair, must in justice be recorded as a great success. Good and cheap food and fuel is the great desideratum of the day, especially among the poorer classes, and any efforts in this direction deserve the utmost support and assistance on the part of an intelligent public.

Reviews.

The Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa, from 1865 to his death; continued by a narrative of his last moments and sufferings obtained from his faithful servants Chuma and Susi. By Horace Waller F.R.G.S. Rector of Twywell, Northampton. (John Murray, Albemarle Street.) (1st notice.) By common consent Livingstone has long been regarded as one of the most remarkable travellers of this century; and his unassuming simplicity, indomitable pluck, and steady perseverance, have achieved greater results than the efforts of all our other modern explorers combined. Throughout the whole of his journal, that great secret of success—unwavering determination, which was pre-eminently the great characteristic of David Livingstone—is conspicuous in every page; and we shall now endeavour to follow this great explorer, who by his individual exertions has filled up a great space in the map of Africa, who has not only been the first to set foot on the shores of vast inland seas, but who, with the simple appliances of his vast bodily stature for a sounding pole, and his stalwart stride for a measuring tape, lays down new rivers by the hundreds. Let his adventures speak for themselves.

Livingstone embarked at Zanzibar in H.M.S. Penguin, on the 19th March 1866, and on the 24th March landed in Mikindany Bay, 25 miles north of the embouchure of the Rovuma river. His party then consisted of 13 Sepoys, 10 Johanna men, 9 Nassick boys, and 2 Waiyans, having 6 camels, 4 buffaloes, 2 mules, and 4 donkeys, as baggage animals. On April 4 he commenced his journey inland, and marching due south, struck the Rovuma river on April 14, distance about 40 miles. The Sepoys he found in a very short time to be utterly useless, as they constantly malingered, plundered his stores, and were even too lazy to carry their arms. So, on July 14, he sent them from Malaka's town back to Zanzibar. He followed up the course of the Rovuma river in a westerly direction for nearly 300 miles to Mtarika village, where the stream is about 100 yards wide and still rapid, arriving at this place on the 1st July; then striking in a south-westerly direction for nearly 200 miles, he reached the shores of Lake Nyassa at the confluence of the river Misingé August 8, 1866, having been just four months *en route*. The following extract appears in his journal. "8th August. We came to the lake at the confluence of the Misingé and felt grateful to That Hand which had protected us thus far on our journey. It was as if I had come back to an old home I never expected again to see; and pleasant to bathe in the delicious waters again, hear the roar of the sea and dash in the rollers—temp. 71° at 8 a.m. while the air was 65°. I feel quite exhilarated.

"The mere animal pleasure of travelling in a wild, unexplored country is very great. When on lands of a couple of thousand feet elevation, brisk exercise imparts elasticity to the muscles, fresh and healthy blood circulates through the brain, the mind works well, the eye is clear, the step is firm, and a day's exertion always makes the evening's repose thoroughly enjoyable. We have usually the stimulus of remote chances of danger either from beasts or men. Our sympathies are drawn towards our humble, hardy companions by a community of interests, and, it may be, of perils, which makes us all friends. The effect of travel on a man whose heart is in the right place is, that the mind becomes more self-reliant; it becomes more confident of its own resources; there is greater presence of mind. The body is soon well knit; the muscles of the limbs grow as hard as a board, and seem to have no fat; the countenance is bronzed, and there is no dyspepsia. Africa is a wonderful country for appetite, and it is only when one gloats over marrow bones or elephant's feet that indigestion is possible. No doubt much toil is involved, and fatigue, of which travellers in the more temperate climates can form but a faint conception. No one can truly appreciate the charm of repose unless he has undergone severe exertion."

On leaving the Misingé river, Livingstone continued his route in a southerly direction along the eastern shore of Lake Nyassa, until he came to the Pamalombe lake, which appears to be a large lagoon, caused by the overflowing of the river Shiré, which carries off the waters of the Lake Nyassa and joins the Zambesi near Mount Morambala, about ninety miles from the sea. It was by this water-way that Mr. Edward Young, R.N., and the late Mr. Henry Faulkner reached the Nyassa some two years later; and it appears to be much the most practicable mode of penetrating Central Africa from the east coast, as the only natural obstruction is a succession of rapids, which impede navigation for about seventy miles. On September 18 he embarked with his party in eight canoes, and went up the lake Pamalombe to the point of junction between it and the prolongation of Nyassa above it, called Massangano ("meetings"), which took two hours; and then, marching westward across the base, Cape Maclear (the southern shore of Nyassa), reached Marenga's town at the south-west extremity of the lake, on September 25, 1866. Here Misa and all the Johanna men walked off, leaving the goods on the ground, and Livingstone writes:—"They have been such inveterate thieves, that I am not sorry to get rid of them; for, although my party is now inconveniently small, I could not trust them with flints in their guns nor allow them to remain behind, for their object was invariably to plunder their loads."

On January 20, two Waiyau boys who had joined Dr. Livingstone at Kandé's village deserted, taking with them the medicine-chest, which was an irreparable disaster, as from this time, from the want of quinine, he was powerless to counteract the malarious influences which steadily sapped his strength and broke down his naturally strong constitution.

On September 26, with his goods in canoes, he went round the bottom of the heel of Nyassa, and on the 28th landed at his old friend, the chief Kimsusa's town, where he was heartily welcomed and forwarded on his way northward. His route lay through African forest along the water-shed, between the river Joangwa, which flows into the Zambesi and the lake Nyassa; and on December 16, 1866, he crossed that river, and, passing through a splendid game country, reached Moamba's village on February 23, 1867, where he saw fine large elephant-tusks 8 feet 6 inches in length; and on April 1, reached the edge of a ridge which commanded an unobstructed view of the south-eastern end of the Liemba or Tanganyika Lake. From this elevation he had to descend at least 2000 feet before he got to the level of the lake. He thus describes the scene:—"The nearly perpendicular ridge of about 2000 feet extends with breaks all around; and there, embosomed in tree-covered rocks, reposes the lake peacefully in the huge cup-shaped cavity. I never saw anything so still and peaceful as it lies all the morning. About noon a gentle breeze springs up, and causes the waves to assume a bluish tinge. Several rocky islands rise in the eastern end, which are inhabited by fishermen, who capture abundance of fine large fish, of which they enumerate about twenty-four species. In the north it seems to narrow into a gateway, but the people are miserably deficient in geographical knowledge, and can tell us nothing about it. They suspect us, and we cannot get information, or, indeed, much of anything else. I feel deeply thankful at having got so far. I am excessively weak, cannot walk without tottering, and have constant singing in the head; but the Highest will lead me further. After being a fortnight at this lake, it still appears one of surpassing loveliness. Its peacefulness is remark-

able, though at times it is said to be lashed up by storms. It lies in a deep basin, whose sides are nearly perpendicular, but covered well with trees; the rocks which appear are bright red argillaceous schist; the trees at present all green; down some of the rocks come beautiful cascades; and buffaloes, elephants, and antelopes graze on the more level spots, while lions roar by night. The level place below is not more than two miles from the perpendicular. The village Pambété, at which we first touched the lake, is surrounded by palm-oil trees—not the stunted ones of Lake Nyassa, but the real west-coast palm-oil tree, requiring two men to carry a bunch of the ripe fruit. In the morning and evening, huge crocodiles may be observed, quietly making their way to their feeding grounds; hippopotami snort by night, and at the early morning. After I had been a few days here I had a fit of insensibility, which shows the power of fever without medicine. I found myself floundering outside my hut, and unable to get in; I tried to lift myself from my back by laying hold of two posts at the entrance, but when I got nearly upright I let them go, and fell heavily with my head on a box. The boys had seen the wretched state I was in, and hung a blanket at the entrance of the hut, that no stranger might see my helplessness: some hours elapsed before I could recognise where I was."

After recovering in some degree from this prostrating fever, he tried to persuade the natives to lend him carriers to examine and survey the Tanganyika lake, but they were afraid of their falling into the hands of a plundering party of Mazitu, and declined. Retracing his steps for some days, he struck off to the westward, and on November 8, 1867, struck the eastern shore of Lake Moero Okata, that he estimates to be 3,000 feet above the sea, and which by his map appears to be some 60 miles long, by 40 broad. Following the eastern shore of this lake in a southerly direction, he visited Casemba's town, where he met with a grand reception, and remained for some months. On July 18, 1868, he discovered the lake Bangweolo, or Bemba, at 3,688 feet above sea level, which by the map appears to be about 160 miles long by 70 broad, and is consequently one of the largest of the central African lakes.

The Luabala which Livingstone discovered running out of Lake Moero, a mighty river at least 3,000 yards broad, with steep clay banks unfordable in any place, flowing to the north at the rate of two miles an hour, is as yet as mysterious as the fountains of Herodotus. Sometimes Livingstone supposed it to be the Nile, whilst at others he conjectured that it might be the Congo. He does not appear, from his journal, to have settled this question satisfactorily to himself. Perhaps Cameron may be able to solve it. The old saying that "there is nothing new in this world," is a very true one as far as African geography is concerned; as the lakes and rivers which Livingstone, Burton, Speke, and Baker, rediscovered, were all well known to the Arabs for generations past, whilst in the old Portuguese maps three hundred years old they are laid down with great accuracy. In one of these old maps the Tchadda or eastern branch of the Niger is represented as taking its source in the same lake district as the Nile, and flowing in a westerly direction, passing through lake Nero (not yet rediscovered) and lake Tchad, and debouching in the Gulf of Guinea. Strange to say this theory has within the last few years been confirmed by some of the Haussa Hadjees who made their way to Mecca from Eyeo, on the right bank of the Niger by following up the Tchadda which in the Bornou country is known by the name of the Yeou, until they came to the Lake Tchad, when, striking to the northward up stream, along the banks of a large river flowing through several lakes and lagoons, they came to the Nabesh country (Abyssinia) and crossed the Red Sea embarking at Sonakim. The district to the westward of Lake Tchad is still a *terra incognita* to Europeans, although there are Mahometans who continually pass through it in caravans, at certain times of the year.

(To be continued.)

Belgravia for January is an exceptionally good number. First and foremost we have the continuation of Miss Braddon's "Hostages to Fortune," which promises to be one of her best novels; G. A. Sala's article on how pantomimes are and how they ought to be composed, is written in his best style; E. H. Vizetelly, contributes a story called "An Arab's Revenge," which is one of the most touching studies of oriental life that we have seen for a long time. The same number has some capital verses by the late Tom Hood; "A Study in Grey," "Ward or Wife," "Christmas in Norway," etc., etc. The illustrations are capital.

(Some other Reviews are in type, but unavoidably postponed.)

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

THE lion is essentially a nocturnal animal, and even the royal Psalmist makes reference to this matter, "Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens." These verses are the subject of our two illustrations.

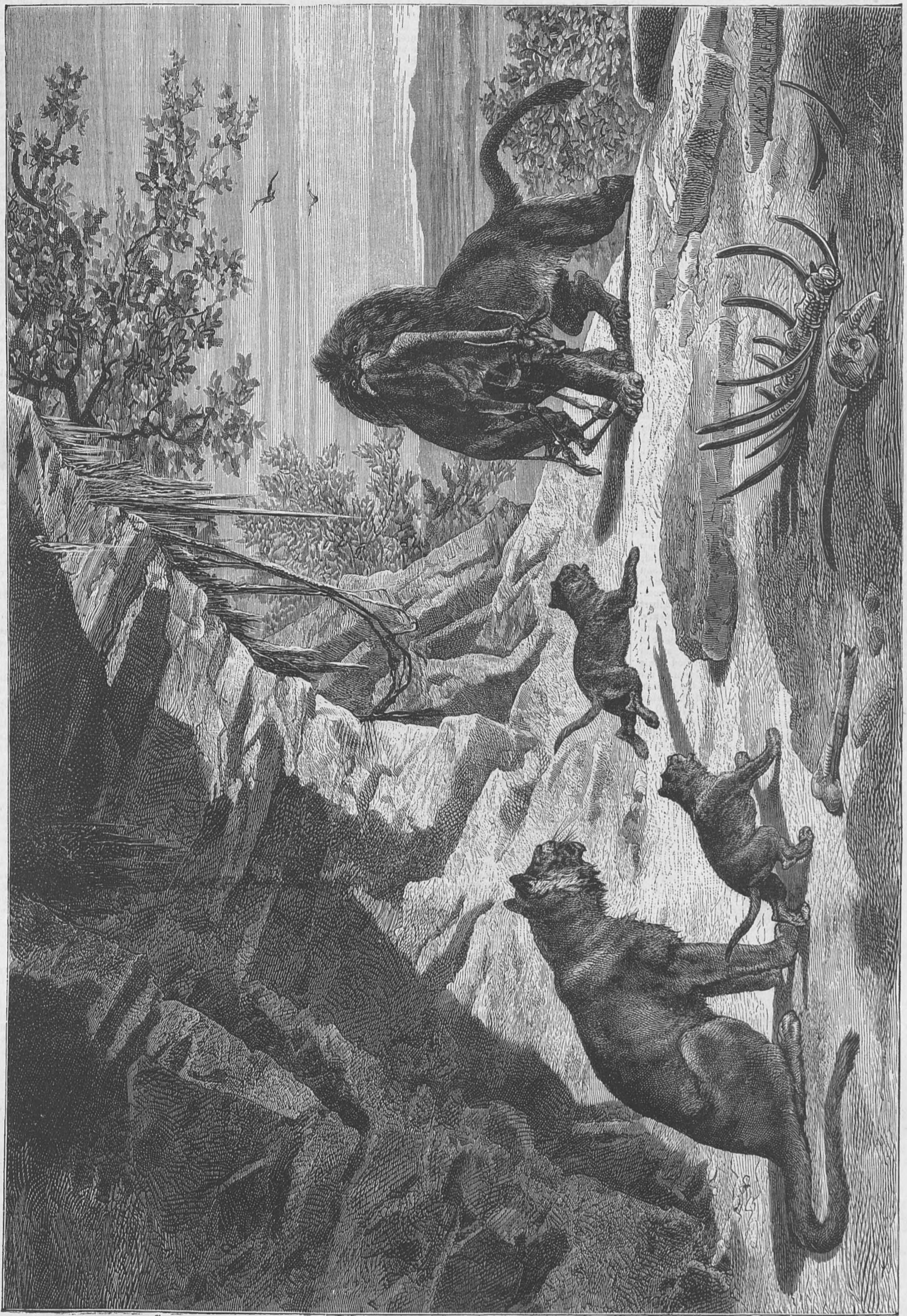
The lion is monogamous, and most faithful to his mate, his love not being confined to the pairing season; for at all times and under all circumstances he evinces for her the greatest regard. He never leaves her unless from compulsion, and entertains for her a most enduring affection. The lion and the lioness usually hunt in company. "From the moment when the pair leave their den until their return to it, it is always the lioness that proceeds in advance, and when it is her pleasure to halt he halts also arriving near the *dozar* that is to furnish a supper, the lioness couches outside of the fence that protects it while her mate bounds bravely over the impediment into the midst of the fold, and after helping himself to what he deems best, carries it to his better half. He regards her while feeding with infinite pleasure, and keeps guard, so that no ill may befall her, thinking not of satisfying his own hunger until such times as his wife has eaten her fill." Gerard tells us that "after the first few days succeeding the birth of the cubs, the mother never quits them for a moment, leaving the father to provide for their wants." The lion whose character is very grave, is not fond of remaining with his children who tire him with their gambols, and in order therefore to enjoy his rest undisturbed, as also to be in readiness to come to the aid of his family should it be required, he makes for himself a lair in the vicinity. At the age of four or five months the cubs follow the mother to the skirts of the wood, where the lion brings them food. At six months, and during a dark night, the whole family change their abode, and from this time up to the period when the cubs separate from their parents, they are constantly on the move, when the ravages they commit amongst cattle is so great, that in some parts of Algeria a family of lions levy a tax on the Arabs equal in value to £300 per annum.

OTTERS IN THE THAMES.—Messrs. Woodhouse and Mickleham shot at Bray, near Maidenhead, last Monday, two fine young otters, at the same time hitting the mother so hard that they believe she sank. They have been sent to Messrs. Ward and Co., naturalists, of Piccadilly, for preservation.

THE BRIGG MEETING.—In consequence of Mr. Hedley being engaged to judge for the Kyle Club, Mr. Wentworth has been duly appointed.



SUNSET.—THE ROYAL PAIR LEAVING THEIR LAIR.



SUNRISE.—THE RETURN OF THE HUNTER WITH HIS SPOILS.

BY THE BYE,

We have been industriously wading through a pile of newspapers from different parts of Australia; and, if one may judge by statements which frequently appear therein, that flourishing young colony of ours is by no means the worst place in the world for the visits of dramatic, musical, and vocal celebrities, or others of that ilk. The talented professionals of the stage and music-hall who have recently returned confess, as a rule, that they have done so with improved banking accounts; and we are reminded by the frequency of their visits to such far-away lands of the astoundingly vast difference there is between our means of travelling and those our forefathers possessed. Actors of to-day circumnavigate the world in pursuit of professional engagements with greater comfort, ease, and speed than Edmund Kean and Mrs. Siddons could enjoy in paying a visit to Dublin or Edinburgh under the most favourable circumstances. A few months since Miss Arabella Goddard was attracting critical and appreciative, and, if not large, satisfactory audiences to the Italian Opera House at Melbourne. The Victorians were driven wild with excitement about the same time by the extraordinary feats of Blondin. In October last Mr. Williamson and Miss Maggie Moore, playing in *Struck Oil*, were opening a mine of wealth for the proprietors of the Melbourne Theatre Royal—Messrs. Harwood, Stewart, Hennings, and Coppin—and were said themselves to have drawn more money for their services within a given period than any of their dramatic predecessors had done previously. By the bye, the proprietors of this theatre recently sued the *Herald* newspaper proprietors for libel in consequence of an adverse anticipatory notice of *The Princess of Trebizonde*, and they gained their cause, carrying off in gleeful triumph all the damages—one farthing—to pay their expenses with. The trial created some excitement, and its disclosures were creditable to neither party. The popularity of Italian Opera seems to have fallen off in Australia. The last season was brilliant, but short, and the pecuniary result was not so satisfactory to the managers as it might have been. His Excellency the Governor attended frequently, but the great example failed to revive that enthusiasm which characterised a past musical era, when Lucy Escoll and Squires adorned its lyric stage. The "Lulu Troupe" have been drawing fairly good houses in an entertainment combining acting with singing, dancing, recitations, and conjuring; Lulu herself appearing in the famous "box mystery," as it is called, that which our curious contemporaries the spiritualists made so much use of in the good old cause of bewilderment and superstition. It is reported in the colony that Mr. Phelps will shortly make his appearance there.

Speaking of the Australian papers reminds us that we found the other day in one of them—a Victorian—the following "Victorian" sporting anecdote. We tell the tale as it is told to us:—"The gentle mistress that sways the destinies of the British empire has often afforded me occasions of fond recollections, not less from her amiable disposition than from her fondness of fun and frolic in the earlier periods of her reign. Ordered to join the clan of my paternal ancestors to honour her Majesty's first visit to Balpore, among many memorable scenes none gave me more pleasure than the one I am about to describe. Angus M'Kay, her Majesty's favourite piper, was my intimate acquaintance and boon companion, off and on, for a period of twenty years. Prince Albert was possessed of a strong passion for rural sports and amusements. With others he delighted in fishing and spearing the salmon. While engaged in this sport, up to his waist in water, spear in hand, I stood on the river bank, chatting with Angus, as her Majesty always called him. Several gillies were stationed along the course of the river to turn the salmon in the direction of the Prince. One Highlander was stationed at the head of the stream, and took his position on a small rock in the middle of the water. Donald was a well-made Highlander, clad in the kilts with all its accoutrements of philabeg, sporran, sgian dhu, plaid, and garters: Donald had a fine calf of a leg, and proud he was of it. His Glengarry bonnet, with its silver thistle, set him off to a nicety.



Fancy Portrait of Donald.

He was not so careful, however, to look after the salmon as he was to look after himself. He was conceit and pride personified. In fact, as Angus said, 'Donald is as proud as a piper,' and as such he was the object of special remark and observation. While chatting with M'Kay, I observed a lady with a green veil on her face taking particular notice of Donald. Opening a purse, she took out a sovereign and offered it to a young lad standing by to do something which I did not at first understand. 'I will do it,' said the lad, 'if you give me the money first.' 'There it is,' said the lady. Quick as lightning the young fellow plunged into the stream, and putting his hands at the small of Donald's back, pushed him right bang into the water. The lad, having done the job, quickly 'hooked it,' whilst Donald splashed about, swearing vengeance, amidst roars of laughter. The lady referred to was almost convulsed with laughter. The first burst over, she walked away in the direction where M'Kay and I stood. Lifting her veil, she said, 'Well, Angus, you see I have given pride and conceit a good ducking.' That lady was no less a personage than Queen Victoria."

In the *Hamilton Spectator* we find another "Victorian" anecdote, which is so funny and short that, although it is neither sporting nor dramatic, we cannot refrain from giving it. Remark—ing that even royalty is not exempt from trials within the sacred precincts of the royal circle, the writer continues, "My informant states that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's two sons are smart little fellows, but regular 'Pickles.' These royal twigs were recently dining with her Majesty, when Prince George, the second boy, forgot etiquette, and began to comport himself in a riotous manner. His illustrious relative, the Queen, told him to go under the table and remain there until he was good, which the royal young rebel did. Several times he was asked by her Majesty if he was good, as, if so, he might come out—but on each occasion he sullenly declined. At last he announced reluctantly and in a low voice that he would be good, and desired to come out. He was told his penitence was satisfactory, and that he might reappear, when to the astonishment and amusement of all, the young 'Pickle' emerged as naked as when he was born."



A Naked Fact.

We were referring just now to the Opera House at Melbourne, which reminds us that the leading actresses there a little time since fell to loggerheads, and in the quarrel scene of *La Fille de Madame Angot*, so says our Australian correspondent, quarrelled in good, or bad, earnest, tearing each others caps, and finally going into hysterics—a disgraceful scene, which doubtless provoked the severe comments it fairly deserved.

Even more disgraceful, however, was another scene just previously witnessed at the funeral of a famous Australian actress, Mrs. Hallam, better known by her stage name as Miss Hattie Sheppard, who died on the 17th of September last. Referring to the event a Melbourne paper, the *Argus*, writes:—"Nearly all the members of the dramatic and musical professions at present in Melbourne attended, and the large number of private vehicles showed that the deceased lady had earned the respect and esteem of a large circle of friends. At the cemetery there was a considerable innovation on the usual practice. Instead of the hearse being driven close to the grave, it stopped outside the entrance gates. The following ladies acted as pall-bearers:—Mesdames Williamson, Harwood, Appleton, Bryer, Wheeler, Garner, and Dampier: Mesdemoiselles Cary, Docy Stewart, Maggie Stewart, Woodridge, and Hennings. The crowd surged round the pall-bearers, and thrusting the mourners completely away, broke up the procession. The scene at the grave was even more discreditable. The pall-bearers, who had followed their friend and companion to her last resting-place, were rudely thrust on one side that a number of idle women might secure a position to gratify their curiosity. The graves in the neighbourhood were invaded, and the flowers trampled upon; the gravestones and railings round the enclosures were made use of in order to get a view of the proceedings. After the sad ceremony was over, the pall-bearers were fairly mobbed by the crowd, who crowded round them and stared at them as if they were so many wild beasts."—Speaking of Mrs. Hallam, "Tahite" (in the *Australian*) says:—"She was lovely in person, brilliant, quick witted, gifted with delicate sensibilities, capable of the most intense emotion, and withal laboriously industrious. I never knew an actress who applied herself more honestly or more assiduously to the study of her profession. She knew how difficult, and yet how grand, an art she cultivated, and how worthy it was of the highest efforts of the mind. As a graceful, refined, and beautiful woman, beloved by a host of private friends, now that she is no more, it is not, I trust, beyond my functions as a critic to speak. She was winsome in the most complete sense; I never knew a lady who had more entirely the power of gaining the admiration and respect of all who knew her, and the fascination she thus exercised was not due to mere love of admiration, secured by laboured efforts at pleasing, but it came inevitably and involuntarily."

A committee has been appointed for the erection of a monument about the grave of this deeply respected actress, and the architect of the Melbourne Theatre Royal, has offered his services in designing it, and superintending its erection gratuitously, at the same time adding ten guineas to the fund subscribed.

Mrs. Hallam was born in Tasmania, and made her "first appearance," when very young, in the part of 'Agnes,' in *David Copperfield*, at the Princess's Theatre in Melbourne. She afterwards played there at the Melbourne Haymarket Theatre at its first opening, in 1862, and in 1871 once more joined the company at the Princess's, where she remained. The grave is situated in that portion of the cemetery allotted to the Independents. The deceased was a member of the Church of England, but for some private reasons she was buried in the ground set apart for the Independents."

Miss Sheppard's mother has since died of grief for the loss of her daughter, and the only representative of the family now alive is Mrs. Hallam's poor little baby, which we may be sure is in good and kindly hands. Another disgraceful scene in which ladies of the theatrical profession also figured, reaches us from America.

There is in New York a theatre called the Metropolitan, the manager of which, last month, rashly dared to introduce a dance supposed to be derived from the French stage, although traceable only to the worst and lowest class of Parisian dancing rooms and gardens—a dance which, like thieves and such like, is often disguised under various aliases, but is best known as the cancan. It outraged the public taste and feeling, so the public patronised it night after night. Public morality was supposed to be injured, so the guardians of public morality resolved to protect the public from the shocks and outrages it every night flocked in such crowds to receive. In New York the police do what in Old London the Lord Chamberlain does. We have quite recently seen

how the gentleman last named performs his functions. The following will tell how the New York guardians of morality on the stage perform the same task. At ten o'clock on the night of December 23, when the scene of gaiety and merriment was at its height on the stage of the Metropolitan, and that section of the pure and holy of the great "empire state," who had chosen this night for enjoying the glittering and brilliant costumes, the gay scenery, the music, etc. (especially etc.) was receiving its usual nocturnal supply of shocks and outrages, one Captain M'Donnel suddenly sprang upon the stage, and the police as suddenly pressed into the house through all its stage and public entrances. A scene of the utmost consternation and excitement prevailed. That section of the New York public then present arose, and made a rush to escape. Its public conscience for once told a yet to be publicly recognised truth. As receivers are worse than thieves, so a public which bribes those, who pleasing to live must live to please, into illegal acts, ought not to escape due punishment. But it was not the audience that gallant Captain M'Donnel and his brave officers wanted. It was the unfortunate dancers, who, in their silken tights and flimsy ballet costumes, ran hither and thither, or huddled together, pale and trembling, in the wings. Having secured all those who were on the stage at the moment of their captain's sensational leap over the footlights, the officers displayed their warrants, and proceeded to select from the rest all who were named therein.



Women arrested were then formed into a line, and, guarded by officers, marched to the Prince Street Police station. When they found that they were to be locked up, some laughed and cried by turns, others fainted, others shrieked for mercy, and begged the police not to lock them up; but they were soon placed in the cells, and the New York public went home to enjoy cosy suppers, and so to their warm beds and comfortable sleep, without, probably, bestowing much thought or care upon its horror-stricken victims—the poor, shivering, degraded, miserable women, who, having been "marched" on that dark winter night through the curious, probably laughing and jeering, crowds in the streets, like the most degraded of drunken outcasts, were passing that same night in the darkness and solitude of their icy stone cells at the police-station. Do we want to forcibly realise what their feelings actually were? Curiously enough, another paragraph, which appeared in one of our country papers a few days since, in which all the features of the above scene were present—the dancers, police, cancan, cold night, and all—do so for us with a ghastly horror and intensity of effect worthy a tragedy. We shall simply quote it, nothing more is necessary. We find it in the letter of a Parisian correspondent, who writes:—

"At the *bal masque* of last Saturday I particularly noticed several striking costumes among the hundreds that covered the floor with moving patches of colour. There were two *laitieres*, for instance, who drew attention to their neat and perfectly decent costume by their outrageous dancing; then there were two North American Indians, who thwacked each other and everybody who came near them with clubs made of bladders. All the heroines of recent *opéra-bouffe* were represented, but I happened to watch with greater interest a certain pink domino, which, being the only one in the house of that colour, was particularly conspicuous. Wherever this domino appeared it was followed by a crowd. It appears that the wearer met with a tragic end. She supped with some choice spirits at a restaurant, but when she left the house the cold air of the boulevard affected her so much that she could not walk straight. In other words she had drunk too much champagne. At that moment a policeman came up, and warned the group to be quiet. The party dissolved into various cabs, and left the poor woman standing there bewildered and confused. But the touch of the policeman's hand on her shoulder made her realise fully the terror of her position. She was a married woman, and although inclined to be fast, was horrified at the idea of being taken off to the station-house. When they picked her up she was dead; she had died from fright. So the body was taken off to the Morgue, clad in its carnival finery, and there it was recognised the next day by her husband."



Death in a Domino.

Going back to Australia, we may add to this week's stray facts of our bye-ways, one other relating to that colony. It comes in the shape of a clever farewell ode to Blondin, which appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald*. We copy the concluding verses:—

"Yet leave us, we implore,
Some small bequests in memory of the past.
Leave thy clear brain to our divines and lawyers;
That they may walk and work as true top-sawyers;
Thy steady progress under all conditions
Leave to our politicians;
Thy never-failing balance to assist
Our Civil List."

And since we want the culinary skill
That sets thy native France in Europe's van,
Since day by day, Australia breakfasts ill
Lacking, alack! thine omelette, oh! be kind,
And to complete Cook's statue, leave behind
Thy frying-pan!"

Returning to England—there's travelling for you!—we find that Mrs. Howard Paul has been giving her popular entertainment in Kidderminster, the great centre of our carpet trade, and the place where gallant weavers recently struck work against the wives, sisters, and daughters of their fellow-workmen being employed on looms which, in America, are worked almost exclusively by women. After her first song, one evening, Mrs. Howard Paul asked the indulgence of the audience for any shortcomings, as she had been suffering from a severe cold. She proceeded with her rendering of "characters," and Mr. Walter Pelham, to add to the variety of the entertainment, announced that the performance would be concluded by Mrs. Howard Paul giving her well-known impersonation of Mr. Sims Reeves. The lady, coming forward to fulfil the promise, had only sang a few lines from one of Sims Reeves's songs, when she staggered across the stage, cried out in a strange way, and fell forward on her face. Miss Navarre, the pianist, called out to Mr. Pelham, and several of the audience also came upon the platform to render assistance. Mrs. Paul was seated in a chair, and restoratives given to her, and Mr. Pelham, addressing the audience, said Mrs. Paul had over-exerted herself, and ought not to have performed at all that evening, as she had not been well. He therefore asked the audience to leave, but Mrs. Howard Paul recovering, insisted on finishing the song she had commenced, and was warmly applauded. But for all that, we trust that Mrs. Howard Paul will have more mercy upon herself.

Latest Betting.

WATERLOO CUP.
25 to 1 agst Mr. Morgan's nomination (t)
500 to 15 — Mr. R. Hyslop's nomination (t)
CROYDON HURDLE RACE.
1000 to 70 on the Field
100 to 6 agst Palm (t)
TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.
500 to 100 agst Camballo (t)
500 to 20 — Breechloader (t)
DERBY.
700 to 100 agst Galopin (o)
800 to 100 — Holy Friar (t)
1000 to 30 — The Bay of Naples (t)
1000 to 25 — C by Macaroni out of Repentance (t)
DOUBLE EVENT—TWO THOUSAND AND DERBY.
875 to 25 agst Camballo and Galopin (t)
1300 to 20 — Camballo and Roland Graeme (t)
1250 to 10 — Camballo and Horse Chestnut (t)

THE filly (2 yrs.) by Idus out of Effie Deans has been named *Effie Ida*.

THE colt (2 yrs.) by Outcast out of Edith has been named *Wanderer*.

TABAC, foaled in 1869, by Orphelin out of Miranda, is for sale or to be let.

INDUSTRIOUS and Houghton are scratched for their Nice engagements.

THE filly (4 yrs.) by General Peel out of Mother Carey has been named *Petrel*.

CONGRESS.—The price paid by Mr. Gomm for the steeple-chase gelding Congress was £600.

TWENTY two-year-old colts, which have been at Royallix, arrived on Sunday at Dangu.

DR. E. M. GRACE, the well-known cricketer, is a candidate for the coronership of West Gloucestershire.

THE colt (3 yrs.) by Lord Clifden out of Vimeira, engaged in the St. Leger, has been named *Lancewood*.

W. PLATT, on whom Mr. Savile has first call, has arrived at Newmarket, where he has taken up his residence.

DIED, at 10, Bloomsbury Square, on the 6th instant, Charles Norcliffe, aged 40 years, deeply regretted by his friends.

THE colt (3 yrs.) by Blinkhooie out of Nerio, engaged in the Derby and St. Leger, has been named *Souter Johnny*.

HADDO.—Mr. T. D. Hornby's Haddo, winner of the Raughlan Stakes at the Lurgan Meeting, is down with distemper.

BLACK WATCH (3 yrs.) and a filly by Lord Lyon (2 yrs.) have arrived at Joseph Dawson's establishment at Newmarket.

LORD ZETLAND.—Enoch has commenced operations with Lord Zetland's horses, but they are as yet restricted to gentle exercise in front of Aske Hall.

THE KING, Finstall, and Etoile du Soir, have been privately disposed of by Mr. Washbourne, and have joined Mumford's string at Harlow, in Essex.

TINTERN (5 yrs.) by Thunderbolt out of Niobe, and Quantock (4 yrs.), by King of Trumps out of Stockings, have been purchased by Mr. R. R. Christophers.

CREMORNE, who won the Derby in 1872, and Wenlock, winner of the St. Leger the same year, have left Gilbert's stable and joined the stud at Rufford Abbey.

MAZE.—This aged gelding by Wild Dayrell out of Ariadne was bought by Mr. Barton for 65 guineas after winning a Selling Steeple Chase at Reading on Tuesday.

THIS brown horse by Tom Bowline, dam by Melbourne out of Miss Whip, leased at Tattersall's on Monday by Mr. Bickell, will be located in Lincolnshire for the season.

ELY DORADO.—This aged son of Ely and El Dorado, after winning the Hunters' Steeple Chase at Reading on Tuesday, was bought by Mr. Tompkins for 135 guineas.

WHADDON (aged), by Wingrave out of Lancet's dam, died last week from the effects of his fall whilst running for a Selling Hurdle Race at the late Bromley Meeting.

Athletic Sports.

ALREADY there are signs of the termination of the long vacation in the athletic year. Last week we recorded the annual general meeting of the London Athletic Club, and on Tuesday the general committee of the Civil Service Sports met at the War Office, to arrange the details of the annual sports in May. There was a fair, but not a large, muster, including the honorary secretary, W. Morse, E. L. Bateman, Sydenham Dixon, A. C. Lyster, W. F. Eaton, T. C. Collett, etc. After the chair had been taken by A. C. Lyster, the honorary secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, which were confirmed, and then the treasurer read the balance-sheet. This was scarcely so satisfactory as usual, the balance in hand being little over £20, a far smaller sum than that carried forward to the credit of the association in recent years. The members of the executive committee of last year were unanimously re-elected; and then it was proposed by T. C. Collett and seconded by Sydenham Dixon, that no man be allowed to take part in the sports who is not either in the service, or in receipt of a pension. This caused some discussion and opposition; but, on being put to the meeting, was carried by eight votes to four. It was felt, however, that this rule would operate unfairly in the case of G. F. Griffin, who has left the Service since he won the 220 Yards Challenge Cup last season, so a rider was added to the effect that he should be eligible to enter for that race alone, until he is defeated or the cup becomes his own property. A proposal by H. Tomlinson to reduce the distance of the race for which this cup is given to 200 yards, unless a straight course of 220 yards could be obtained, was lost, the majority of the committee feeling that they had no power to make this very desirable alteration. It was arranged that the sports should take place on May 22, the Saturday before the Derby, and a day which does not clash with the holiday on the Queen's birthday, or at Whitsuntide. The next business was to arrange the programme of events. Of course, all the standard races were left in; but it was unanimously decided to abolish both the steeple-chases. Neither of these has ever produced good sport; indeed, as there is no water-jump at Lillie Bridge, they have really settled down into long hurdle races. A penalty for previous success was imposed in the Veteran's Race; and as no members of the service display much proficiency in the pole jump, that event is to be thrown open to all gentlemen amateurs. The other open events are a One Mile Handicap (limit, 100 yards) and a 440 Yards Handicap (limit 25 yards). The business of the meeting concluded with some slight alteration in the value of the prizes, and the distribution of tickets.

A very important meeting of the Thames Hare and Hounds took place at Roehampton on Saturday evening last; but as the business transacted was of a purely private nature, we shall not further allude to it than to remark that very general indignation was expressed at the conduct of the athletic correspondent of a weekly contemporary, who, having obtained possession of a private circular relating to this meeting, inserted an extract from it in one of his articles. It appears to us that the members had a very just ground for complaint, and that a circular of this nature should be treated in every respect as a private letter.

Billiards.

THE past week has been almost a blank. W. Cook and John Roberts, jun., have played two or three matches in the country, in which the latter has shown the better form; but the champion has defeated him at pyramids, and really seems invincible at this game just at present. We hear that a match has been arranged between W. Cook and W. Timbrell, the former to concede a start of 300 points. It is, we believe, to be played in Manchester. There is also another engagement on the tapis between D. Richards and W. Hart, the latter receiving 200 points in 1000. The following is a list of fixtures:—

JANUARY.
18—M. A. Izar and Amateur, Oxford Road, Manchester.
18—W. Fielding and J. Moss, the latter with 125 points in 1000 up, £50 a-side, Market Place, Manchester.
19—D. Richards and F. Shorter, 1000 up even, Crown Hotel, Rupert Street.
20—T. Taylor and S. W. Stanley, 1000 up even, Pitt's Head, Old Bailey, E.C.
25—The American Tournament, Joseph Bennett's Rooms, 315 Oxford St.

FEBRUARY.
3—W. Cook and Taylor, the latter with 200 start in 1000 up, £100 a-side, Joseph Bennett's Rooms, 315 Oxford Street.

WE learn that Amiral, who met with an accident at the Lyons Meeting, has completely recovered, under the care of Forget, Major Fridolin's stud groom, and has now returned to Cassidy's stable.

KING OF NORFOLK (3 yrs), by King John out of Fluke, has been sold, to go to Denmark, to the owner of Basnäs who is being trained at Newmarket by Hayhoe, jun., for his forthcoming engagements.

NEW FIXTURES.—The Royal Artillery Steeple-chases are announced for Saturday, April 3, and the Eglinton Hunt (Bog-side) Meeting for April 8 and 9. Baschurch Steeple-chases are fixed for March 12.

KING VICTOR.—This stallion, by Fazzoletto out of Blue Bell, by Heron, has been sold to Mr. Francis Flannery, and will stand this season at that gentleman's place, Church Town, Buttevant, County Cork, Ireland.

BULLFINCH.—This four-year-old colt by Theobald out of Bul-bul, has been put through his paces "over timber" for some time past. He is trained by Jacob Watson, and we hear that he takes kindly to his new work.

DEATH OF VANDAL.—Mr. J. H. Murchison has sustained a heavy loss by the death of this famous fox-terrier, of whom we gave a picture last week. He was killed at Carlisle on his return from Selkirk show, where he had taken a first prize. We have not heard any particulars of the unfortunate accident. Mr. J. Thomas has lost Themis, who died in pupping about a week ago.

Cricket.

KENT COUNTY CLUB.

THE adjourned committee-meeting of this club was held at the Golden Crown Hotel, Charing Cross, on Wednesday afternoon last, when there were present Sir Charles Oakley, Bart., Mr. W. de Chair Baker, Mr. W. S. Norton, Mr. H. Norman, Captain Brechley, H. Knatchbull-Hugesson, Major Hartnell (treasurer of the club), and Mr. W. Davey (assistant secretary). Lord Harris was unavoidably absent, he having met with a slight accident. Mr. Hugesson, on the motion of Sir Charles Oakley, was unanimously voted to the chair, and requested Mr. Davey to read the minutes of the former meeting. After these had been confirmed, the assistant secretary read a letter from the secretary of the Private Banks Club committee, stating that they had agreed that all the Kent county home matches should be played on their new ground at Catford Bridge, the Private Banks Club undertaking to make all preparations for the ground and accommodation for the spectators, on the understanding that on the occasion of county matches the K.C.C. and their club should share the expenses and the gate-money. This, on the motion of Sir C. Oakley, who was seconded by Mr. Baker, was carried *nem. con.* The challenges for out and home matches for the ensuing season were next discussed, Mr. Davey stating that Sussex, Derbyshire, and Lancashire, had agreed to play their county, and that Nottinghamshire had declined to do so, while negotiations were still pending with Surrey and Middlesex. The dates of the matches will be fixed hereafter.

Some alterations in regard to the admission to the ground during "the week" at Canterbury, were then taken into consideration, an increased amount of subscription being, after some considerable discussion, agreed on. The chairman then called attention to the great inconvenience caused by the number of carriages on the ground at St. Lawrence, to the obstruction of the view of the game by the general public; but after another lengthened discussion it was wisely resolved to leave the matter for remedy in the experienced hands of Mr. Baker.

The meeting then proceeded to elect a president of the club: Lord Harris being proposed by Sir Charles Oakley, and seconded by Mr. Norman. This was carried unanimously, and after a vote of thanks to the chairman, the meeting separated.

A Colts' match, under the management of Lord Harris, will be played early in the season at Catford Bridge.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—Mr. Smythson, the chorus master, is now in Italy selecting some fresh voices for the coming season at her Majesty's Opera.

EPSOM.—Mr. Worthing has taken the stabling at the King's Head Hotel for the spring steeple-chases. Melusine, by Vertugadian (5 yrs.), La Magicienne, Serbad, by Rataplan out of Mirage (4 yrs.), and two others have already arrived and are doing good healthy work.

THE gelding by Wamba out of Truth (5 yrs.) has been in Matthew Dawson's stable for several weeks back, having returned thereto from Hednesford, whither he has been transferred after running second in the Cesarewitch. We hear that the horse has thickened, and shows great improvement generally.

SALE OF MR. H. WORMALD'S HUNTERS.—On Monday at Tattersall's, Mr. Wormald, of Yorkshire, sold seven of his hunters which he has been riding this season over the Rugby country. The seven realised 963 guineas—an average of 137½ guineas—and Newton, who brought 260 (sold to Sir George Chetwynd), is described as the best hunter in the Midland Counties. In addition, York fetched 200, Gloster 150, and Van Galen 135 guineas.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.—There was an excellent attendance of members and visitors at Preston on Saturday, when several sweepstakes were shot off, the chief winners being Captain Forester Leighton, Captain Gordon Hughes, Mr. Crawshaw, and Mr. George Beard. Captain Harrison shot well up in three or four of the events. Hammond's birds were first-class, and afforded some excellent practice. To-day (Saturday) there will be an Optional Sweepstakes at five birds each, in addition to the £1 and £2 events at three birds each. Several of the leading Sussex county noblemen and gentlemen have been enrolled members of this well-managed club.

COUNT DE LAGRANGE'S STUD.—The management of the horses in training belonging to Count de Lagrange was first offered to Mat Dawson, and afterwards to his brother Joseph; but the stables of both being full they were obliged to decline. William Arnall has already taken charge of the horses at Newmarket, which comprise Trombone, Ecossais, Inquitude, Blenheim, Drummond, Minister, Gilbert, Pic-nic, Miss Toto, La Coureuse, Blanchette, and Tartine. A draft of eight belonging to the Count having left Newmarket on Wednesday in charge of Richard Carter, for La Morlaye, France, where they will be trained by Charles Weatherall, late head lad to Tom Jennings. The lot comprised Miriflor, Régale, Peut-être, Le Champis, Gilbert, La Sautouse, and a couple of two-year-olds.

THE DRAG-HUNT AT HENDON.—On Saturday morning, at eleven o'clock, the drag-hounds met opposite the Welsh Harp, Hendon, when nearly sixty gentlemen took part in the hunt, the hounds numbering fifteen couple. Before the run took place, the master, Mr. George Nurse, was presented with a handsome hunting crop by the farmers of the neighbourhood. The route was through Elmore Wood to Preston Farm, the turn being made at "Lottery's Brook," and the finish at the back of the Welsh Harp, about six miles altogether; the time occupied by the run, at the end of which only Mr. W. P. Warner, Mr. G. Nurse, Mr. Marcus Verrall, and a few others were up, being a little over forty minutes. When the master dismounted to give the hounds the "worry" his horse bolted, and was not stopped until he had swam across the reservoir.

Advertisements.

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Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, and Chemists, in large Bottles, at 1s., 1s. 1½d., 2s., and 2s. 3d. each.
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SALES BY AUCTION.

NOTICE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give notice that their SALES on MONDAY will commence at ELEVEN O'CLOCK until further notice, getting to the Boxes at 1.30.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL will SELL by AUCTION, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 18, the property of a gentleman:

SALADIN, bay gelding, 5 years' old, by Knight of the Crescent, dam by Cattonite; quiet to ride and drive; has been constantly ridden by a lady; a good fencer. Sold in consequence of not being up to the owner's weight.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 18, 1875, the property of a gentleman:

GLADIOLUS, bay horse, 6 years' old, 16 hands high, by Gladiator out of Sunbeam, by Chanticleer; very powerful and compact, valuable for stud purposes, winner of races, has run only in hunters' races during the past year.

BAY COLT, 4 years' old, 16 hands high, by Knowsley out of Teterrima, by Voltigeur—Ellen Middleton, by Bay Middleton; a maiden, and likely to make a good steeple-chaser.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 18, the following HORSES, which have been constantly hunted, the property of Viscount Nevill:

1. LADY EVA, by Planet.
2. MUSKERRY, by Priam.
3. RAVEN, by The Hawk; a good hack, and has been constantly driven in single harness.
4. SHAMROCK.
5. BEESWING.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 25, the property of a gentleman:

1. VASCO DI GAMA (own brother to Pero Gomez), a brown colt, 2 years' old, by Beadsman out of Salamance; winner of several races.
2. COMET, a bay colt, 3 years' old, by Thormanby out of Stella, by West Australian; winner of several flat races, and likely to make a good hurdle-racer and steeple-chaser.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

J. S. GOWER AND CO. will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c., &c.

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KING OF THE FOREST; twenty mares, including his owner's, at 30 guineas a mare and 1 guinea to the groom.

Address, THOMAS CLATWRIGHT, as above.

Stallions at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's Bush.

COSTA, by the Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim. Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 in., with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good race-horse at all distances. Has had few mares, but has eight good foals this year.

At ten guineas, and ten shillings the groom.

CLANSMAN, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules. Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'En, by Magpie out of Echidna, by Economist. Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides.

At five guineas thorough-bred, at three guineas half-bred mares; and five shillings the groom.

THE CHILD OF THE ISLANDS, a bay Arabian of the highest caste, about 14 hands 3 in., imported last year.

Thorough-bred mares at five guineas.

Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

JOSKIN, a brown horse, by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor) out of Glance, by Waxy Pope out of Globe, by Quiz. Joskin is the sire of Chawaboon and Plebeian, and has never had any mares but his owner's. At twenty guineas, and one guinea the groom.

KING VICTOR, a bay horse, without white (foaled 1864), by Fazzoletto (by Orlando out of Canezon) out of Blue Bell (dam of Suspicion out of Scarf (dam of Cashmere), Belle of Warwick out of Barford, &c.), by Heron. From Heron he gets his great size,—measuring 16 hands 2 in. high; 6 ft. 6 in. in girth; 9 in. under the knee; and is related to Fisherman, and is almost the only horse at the Stud descended direct from Heron. His stock are very promising. Vae Victis, the only starter this season by him, ran second to Cashmere, and second to Galopin at Ascot.

At ten guineas a mare, and one guinea the groom.

PROMISED LAND, by Jericho out of Glee, by Touchstone; winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and Goodwood Cup.

At five guineas thorough-bred, three guineas half-bred, two guineas farmers' mares, and five shillings the groom.

Highfield Hall is only two miles from St. Albans, on the Barnet road, with 100 loose boxes, and ample accommodation for mares on the 200 acres, 150 of which are pasture on chalk, subsoil, and well watered.

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All letters as to meeting mares to be sent to Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans (who lived 10 years with Mr. Blenkinson, and 6 years at Highfield Hall with Mr. Mather).

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At Baumber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

MERRY SUNSHINE, (own brother to Sunshine), by Thormanby (winner of the Derby) out of Sunbeam (winner of the St. Leger), by Chanticleer out of Sunflower (dam of Sunlight, Crocus, &c.) by Bay Middleton, at 10s. a mare, groom's fee included.

Merry Sunshine is a bay horse, standing 16.1, has great bone, good action, and is sound.

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JAMIL, chestnut, height 13 hds. 1 1/2 in., of the purest blood of Arabia, and exceedingly handsome. He ran ten times in India, winning seven times, at all distances. Took 1st prize at the Horse Show of all India at Poona in 1873. Imported by, and the property of Captain Dent, 3rd Hussars. Twenty-five mares at £5 a mare, and five shillings the groom.

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FLEETFOOT, black-ticked Dog, by Master McGrath out of Victory by Patent. He is own brother to Negro, winner of four stakes, and to Mischief, winner of one stake; and also to Nell, runner up to the winner in Puppy Stakes at Brigg. At 5 guineas. Fleetfoot was 1st Crystal Palace '72, 3rd '73; his dam, Victory by Patent, was 1st in '73, bitch class. Apply to JAMES HICKS, The Orchard, Boyne Hill, Maidenhead.

At Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, Co. Durham.

MACGREGOR (winner of 2000 guineas, he beat winners of Derby, Oaks, and Leger), by Macaroni, at 15 guineas; winners or their dams of good races half price.

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IDUS (best four years old of his year, winner of Newmarket Handicap, he beat Rosicrucian, Musket, Paganini, &c.), by Wild Dayrell, at 10 guineas; winners or their dams of 100 sovs. half price.

HESPER (winner of many races), at 6 guineas.

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BLAIR ATHOL, at 100 guineas a mare.

Subscription full.

MARSYAS, at 50 guineas a mare.—Subscription full. MACARONI, at 50 guineas a mare.—The subscription to this horse is full.

WILD OATS, by Wild Dayrell out of The Golden Horn, by Harkaway. Thirty mares, including the Company's, at 25 guineas each.

CHATTANOOGA (Sire of Wellingtonia and John Billington), by Orlando out of Ayacahora, by I. Bird-catcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), at 15 guineas a mare.

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AND HUNT STEEPLE-CHASES, HUNTERS' FLAT AND HURDLE RACES, 1875.

Will take place on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, the 25th and 26th of February.

Under the Grand National Hunt Rules.

The eight following races close and name to Messrs. WATKINS, or the Clerk of the Course, on TUESDAY NEXT, January 19th.

FIRST DAY.

The AYLESBURY OPEN HANDICAP of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 100 added; any winner of 50 sovs. after publication of the weights () 4lb, of 100 sovs. 7lb, of 200 sovs. 10lb extra; the second to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes; entrance 3 sovs. each, which is the only liability if struck out by twelve o'clock on Tuesday, February 2nd; fifteen to enter or only 80 sovs may be added; about three miles, all grass.

The OPEN HUNTERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, for hunters; four-year-olds, 10st 7lb, five, 11st 12lb, six and aged, 12st 7lb; a winner of a steeple-chase, value 50 sovs. 7lb, twice 50 sovs. 10lb, or of 100 sovs. at any one time, 14lb extra; maiden six-year-olds and upwards allowed 5lb; entrance 1 sov. each; to be ridden by gentlemen; professionals 7lb extra; second horse to receive 10 sovs. out of the plate; three miles.

The TOWN PLATE HANDICAP STEEPLE-CHASE of 50 sovs.; any winner after the publication of the weights () of 50 sovs. 5lb, of 80 sovs. 7lb, of 100 sovs. 10lb, of 100 sovs. 14lb extra; two miles, over eight hurdles.

An OPEN HURDLE HANDICAP of 5 sovs. each, 2ft to the fund, with 50 added; any winner after the publication of the weights () of 50 sovs. 7lb, of 80 sovs. 10lb, of 100 sovs. 14lb extra; two miles, over eight hurdles.

A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 3 sovs. each for starters, with 30 added, for hunters; four-year-olds, 12st, five and upwards, 12st 7lb; any winner in 1874 or 1875 once, 5lb, twice, 7lb extra; the winner to be sold by auction for 200 sovs., if entered for 100 sovs. allowed 7lb; to be ridden by persons who have never ridden for hire; entrance, 1 sov.; two miles on the flat.

SECOND DAY.

The MASTER OF HOUNDS' STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs. each for starters, with 100 sovs. added, for *bona fide* hunters that have never won a flat, hurdle, or steeplechase, value 60 sovs., the property of gentlemen, and regularly ridden hunting by the owner or his son with any established pack of stag or fox-hounds in England, Wales, or Scotland, during the season 1874-75, and specially certified by Masters of Hounds; each Master of Hounds may give two special certificates only; the special certificate may be produced at scale if a certificate is registered; five-year-olds, 11st 10lb, six, 12st 4lb, aged, 12st 7lb; any winner of 60 sovs. after entry 14lb extra; a winner of a steeplechase value 50 sovs. 5lb, twice, 7lb, three times, 10lb extra; to be ridden by qualified gentlemen, the owner, or his son; the second horse to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes; entrance, 2 sovs. each; about three miles and a half.

The SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE HANDICAP of 5 sovs. each, 2 ft., to the fund, with 50 added; any winner after publication of the weights () of 50 sovs. 7lb, of 100 sovs. 10lb extra; two miles, all grass.

The STEWARDS' HURDLE PLATE HANDICAP of 50 sovs.; a winner after the publication of the weights () of 50 sovs. 5lb, of 100 sovs. 14lb extra; entrance 2 sovs. each; a mile and a half, over six hurdles.

SECOND DAY.

A SELLING HUNTERS' STEEPLE-CHASE of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added, for hunters; four-year-olds 10st 7lb, five 11st 12lb, six and aged 12st 7lb; maiden aged horses allowed 7lb; the winner to be sold by auction for 200 sovs., if entered for 100 sovs. allowed 7lb; professionals that have won a steeple-chase value 60 sovs. 7lb extra; two miles and a half, starting at the G.N. Post, and once over each fence.

To close on Saturday, February 20. Mr. J. F. VERRALL, Handicapper. Major DIXON, Starter.

Mr. MARCUS VERRALL, Lewes, Clerk of the Course and Judge. * * * For Rules and Regulations and further particulars of this meeting, see *Racing Calendar*, No. I., p. 3.

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THIS superior article is prepared on a newly discovered principle, which renders it beautifully soft and silky in texture, so that it will not clog the stitches of the harness or the brush. It is perfectly waterproof, will soften and preserve the leather, and quickly produce a brilliant jet polish. Invaluable to shippers, as it will not become hard in the box.

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